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Life of the Rt. Rev. Wm. Quarter, D.D., first Catholic bishop of ...

John E. McGirr

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Life of the
Rt. Rev. Wm. Quarter, D.D.

FIRST CATHOLIC BISHOP
OF CHICAGO

By

John E. McGirr, A. M., M. D.

Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Chemistry and Botany
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Chicago, Illinois



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Bancroft



Right Reverend William Quarter, D. D.
First Bishop of Chicago

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To the

Very Rev. Walter Joseph Quarter, V.G.

This feeble effort to recall the labors and virtues
of his deceased brother is respectfully
dedicated, as a token of personal
regard, by the author.

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Preface



IN writing this Life, I have endeavoured to keep in view the fact, that the early years of Bishop Quarter gave the promise of that virtuous career which his after life realized: and therefore have I dwelt upon the manner of his early training. Again: I have introduced observations that might, to some, seem not *strictly* warranted by the subject; but it will be found, I think, that they go to describe the danger and violence of a disease, so that the judicious selection of the remedy applied by the Bishop and the success of the cure, may the more fully exhibit the skilfulness of the physician.

To guard every loop hole, to avoid every error, would be impossible. Nothing terrestrial escapes the common condition of imperfectibility; and the writer has besides to urge in extenuation of his errors, the novelty of his situation in appearing before the public as the author of a book.

Would that it were worthier! with all its faults, however, it is sent forth, confident that the reader will look rather to the subject of the picture than to the manner of the colouring;—to the gem, than to the setting.

CHICAGO, APRIL 29th, 1849

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Introduction

"Example is a globe of precept."—BACON

EXAMPLE rules the world. The warrior upon his country's battle-field performs prodigies of valour, and whether the cause in which he fights be just or unjust, his individual merits are blazoned upon the historic page. Youths dwell upon the relation of these exploits, and in spirit they are warriors. The statesman in the senate chamber defends successfully an important political principle;—thousands of his party laud his efforts, and from the hands of the untiring press his opinions are scattered broadcast over the land. Youths are anxious to be statesmen, to gain the world's renown, and the fame which it values is their only governing motive.

The history of a generation affords thousands of instances in which example stamps the character and seals forever the fate of its deluded victims; and if example be thus potent, how important does it become that the model be of an exalted kind—one in which the higher and the holier aspirations that should govern mortals would appear—one in which would not exist that vain, pitiful, miserable longing for the breath of popular applause, as evanescent as that upon the dimmed surface of a polished mirror, but in which would be found that earnest yearning

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to accomplish good things for all men; that unceasing effort to benefit all mankind, the memory of which will live after them.

We may then turn popular attention with much benefit from the military and political idols that now fill its eye, to the contemplation of man as he ought to be,—to the nobleness of virtue which sanctifies knowledge. Oh! it is a holy duty, while selfishness and impiety go hand in hand through the world seeming to constitute the only essential qualifications to respectability, the only passports to renown, to place before it the character of one who laboured for the good of all, and earnestly before God and for God; one in whom there was no selfishness nor guile Thus youth may be able to contrast the character of the worldling with that of the man of God.

The first endeavours, by his example, to prove that man may live independently of his Creator; the latter, while he proves our absolute dependence on Him who called us into being, teaches the infant heart the secret by which the fountains of God's goodness may be opened. The first teaches youth to scoff; the latter, to pray, under the sublime conviction that the prayer offered up by the child at its mother's knee, is the same prayer that is uttered by the myriads of the angels around the throne of the Eternal:—the same prayer taught here below that it will repeat when, having "shaken off this mortal coil," it will return to the household of its Father who is in Heaven.

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Life of the Right Reverend William Quarter, D. D.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH UNTIL HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA, 1806—1822

Rt. Rev. William Quarter, first Bishop of Chicago, in the state of Illinois, was born in Killurine, Kings County, Ireland, on the 21st day of January, in the year 1806. He was the third son of Michael Quarter and Ann Bennet. There were four brothers: John, the eldest; Walter Joseph, the vicar general of the Bishop and present administrator of the diocese; William, the subject of this memoir; and James, who died before he arrived at the age necessary to receive ordination. It was his intention to have entered the holy order of the priesthood.

The family of the Quarters was of the most respectable; and rarely is one found that has given more priests and bishops to the Church than the maternal branch of it has done. "The number of clergymen here and in the diocese of Meath that are connected with it, is at the present time little short of twenty; and they have to display an unsullied name, while there have never been any men in the ministry more firm in upholding the rights of the priesthood."

Mrs. Quarter, the Bishop's mother, looking upon the pledges that God had given as merely entrusted

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to her guardianship upon earth, and to be required from her hereafter, devoted herself to their early training in the path in which they should walk, so that "in age they might not depart from it." As soon as they could enunciate properly, they were taught their morning and evening prayers; and that good custom of gathering the little flock to the morning and evening devotions was never omitted in her house; nor did the family ever retire at night without having first said the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary. From this practice sprung that devotion to the Mother of God, which so remarkably distinguished the Bishop through life.

The example thus set him by his mother; her earnest efforts to instil into his young heart the love of virtue and the horror of sin, made a deep impression upon his pliant mind. In after life he would often say, "I never saw but one, and that one was Bishop Brute, who exhibited so tender a piety as my mother;" and the recollections of the scenes of his childhood's years when he knelt beside that mother's knee, while she placed her hand upon his little head, and taught him to lisp his prayers, could never be blotted from his memory. How often did he thank God for having given him such a mother! and he seemed never to weary of repeating the instances of her kindness, her goodness, and her watchfulness. Frequently, he said, "I owe all that I am to her; I would never have been a Priest, I would never have been a Bishop, but for her;" a tear would gather in his bright eye, and steal over his care-worn cheek,

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while he breathed a prayer to God that he might meet his mother again in his father's house, after he had accomplished his earthly pilgrimage.

The virtuous example, the pious life and the tender love of such a mother, could not but make a deep impression upon the hearts of her children. She ruled them by love, and they were bound to her by the ties of love. As the gentle breath of the zephyr, dancing upon the smooth surface of a lake, causes neither ripple nor wave to disturb that surface, nor raises up sediment from the bottom of the deep, so did the even tenor of these children's lives, leave undisturbed beneath the surface, the passions that for the most part disfigure the face of childhood. It gave them early a mastery over themselves, which was a marked characteristic in the life of the Bishop.

His mother was anxious that God might call some one of her children to the holy order of the Priesthood, and the manner of her early training was directed to favour in them a desire similar to her own. She had taught her son William, at the age of seven years, to serve mass, and he never felt so happy as when he had served at that holy sacrifice, for the priest who officiated in his father's house. She would tell him, when he had been thus engaged: "My son, it does my heart good to see you serving at the altar. I consider your place there more honourable than if you occupied the first station in a kingdom: now you are truly in the service of your God."

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William Quarter early corresponded with her wishes, and he seemed to have set his heart upon a religious life: for in his very childhood, and while his playmates were building their mud houses, or their little sand embankments to stop a water-course, or playing bo-peep, or engaged in other diversions peculiar to their years, he would steal away from them, that he might be alone, and then he would build his little altar and ornament it, offering up to God upon it the sacrifice of his young and spotless heart. And the sacrifice was accepted; for what on earth is purer, what more worthy of the Creator of all things, than the pure heart ere the stain of sin has disfigured it.

Mrs. Quarter had received an excellent education in the school of a religious community, and she therefore assumed the task of instructing her son, of opening and expanding the first flowers of his intellect. She was well aware that the common schools of education were to the morals like a Siberian desert to the tender plant reared under a warmer clime. She determined therefore to have the entire management of his early years; and his after life is evidence of her capability and of the manner in which she discharged her duty.

He devoted himself assiduously to his studies, and he mastered every branch and overcame every difficulty with which he grappled, in a way that showed him to be possessed of a very high order of intellect. So rapid was his progress, that at the age

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of eight years he was fitted to enter a boarding school at Tullamore.

Previous to entrusting him to the care of strangers, his mother exerted herself to fortify his piety by preparing him for his first communion. He presented himself at that holy table where he was to receive his Redeemer into his young heart, with a piety so remarkable as to produce an effect which they have never forgotten, upon the older friends who witnessed his reception of the sacrament.

Influenced then by his happiness, by the love that burned in his soul, and in correspondence with the graces vouchsafed to him, he expressed his determination to live henceforth for God alone, to enter the holy order of the priesthood, and he laid his talents with a self-denying humility at the foot of the cross, to be consecrated to Christ.

Immediately after having made his first communion, he left home for Tullamore, where he entered the Academy of Rev. Mr. Deran, a retired Presbyterian clergyman, and one of the best classical scholars in Ireland. Here he commenced his classical and mathematical studies. After remaining about two years with Mr. Deran, he entered the Academy of John and Thomas Fitzgerald, kept in the same town. In this school he completed his course of study preparatory to entering the College of Maynooth. With this purpose, in his sixteenth year, he stood and passed in a most satisfactory manner his public examination. But Providence had marked out for him another destiny.

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During the years that he thus spent preparing himself for his collegiate course, he was distinguished for the same tender and exemplary piety that characterized him when under the watchful care of his good mother; and so remarkable was his demeanour, that his companions styled him the "*little Bishop.*" Little thought they that the day would come when the title of his boyhood would be the distinction of his manhood. The qualities of his heart so endeared him to all his schoolmates, that his power of doing good among them was almost unbounded, and he used it to the utmost, exhorting to virtue and reproving vice. His charity, even thus early in life, was ever in search of objects, and whenever his parents furnished him with pocket money, it was not hoarded up, nor spent in youthful indulgences, but distributed to the last farthing among the suffering and the needy poor. He realized often how sweet it is to give alms for God's sake.

About the time that his preparations to enter the college of Maynooth were completed, the Rev. Mr. McAuley, brother of Count McAuley, of Frankford, Kings Co., returned to Ireland from the United States. This gentleman spent much of his time at the house of the father of young Quarter; and often, as he spoke of the condition of the Catholic missions in America;—of the thousands of Catholic children, that were growing up far away from the teachers of their holy faith, and in a land where Mammon was the worshipped deity—of the wandering away from the one sheepfold of so many that

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were sealed at the baptismal font as members of the one holy Church, and who were thus lost for want of instructors and example—of the extent of the harvest and the scarcity of the gleaners; as he spoke of all these, the young aspirant to the ministry would listen to him till the tears trembled on his eyelids, and with the hope that God would call him to so important a field. And to it, he did call him.

So great became his desire to forsake all things for Christ, that the abandonment of home and friends, even of his dearly-loved mother, of the shamrock-covered hills and green fields of his native island, and the thousand memories that so strongly influence the heart of youth, ere the stern realities of life have petrified it, seemed as nothing to him, in comparison with the happiness of having saved one soul from eternal perdition. Influenced by the zeal that burned in his bosom, he went to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle, his Bishop, and requested his *exeat* that he might go whither the voice of his Father in heaven called him; and he did this, even before he had communicated to his parents his purpose. The good Bishop Doyle was sorry to part with one whom he looked upon as peculiarly his own, and likely soon to be a very valuable labourer in his vineyard; an ornament to his diocese; still he could not but admire the courage of the youth and his truly christian spirit, and he gave him his *exeat* and his blessing.

What were the feelings of the family of the young Quarter, when he announced to them that he was about to start immediately for America, is

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more easily imagined than described. And it is only he who has knelt to his parents and received their parting blessing, ere he has bidden adieu to the land of his birth, about to go forth into the land of the stranger for a home and a grave, that can tell what must have been the thoughts of the young exile. Still the remonstrances of friends and relatives, and the strong ties of filial affection, knocking at the chambers of his heart, received no response: he had formed his resolution. His parents felt that they had no right to stand between him and the service of his divine Master; and when he knelt by his mother's knee, where he had first learned to lisp his infant prayers, to receive her parting blessing, she kissed his fair young brow, as she said to him: "My son, I have given you to God; go withersoever He calls you, and may his and your mother's benediction ever attend you!"—Oh! how often, amid the checkered scenes of his life, did the remembrance of his mother's voice and blessing, as she bade him go; of her kindness and her care; rise before and hover around him, even as guardian angels, to shield and to comfort him in the hours of trial and of tribulation!

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CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA UNTIL HIS APPOINTMENT AS PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH IN NEW-YORK, 1822—1833

On the 10th day of April, 1822, in the sixteenth year of his age, William Quarter left his native land for North America. It is a singular coincidence, that, on the very same day of the same month, twenty-six years later, the period of his earthly exile terminated.

The vessel in which he sailed landed at Quebec. He presented himself to the Bishop of that city, and asked to be received as an ecclesiastical student: but his youth was urged as an objection, and this objection he could not remove. He applied next to the Bishop of Montreal, where the same objection as to his youth was urged against him. He then went to Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md., where he applied to Rev. Mr. Dubois, the President of the College, afterwards the Bishop of New-York. Here the reason that had caused his rejection in Canada, operated in his favour, and with Rev. Mr. Dubois his youth was his first and best recommendation. That good clergyman, an exile himself, received young Quarter even as a father would a son; and ever afterwards through life there existed between them the reciprocal tenderness and regard of a father for a son and of a son for a father.

Rev. Mr. Dubois examined his young pupil in the studies which he had been pursuing, and finding

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that he was master of them, placed him at once in the Seminary, which he entered on the 8th day of September. He chose this day as the one on which to commence his preparation for the ecclesiastical state, because it was a festival of her whom in his childhood he had chosen as his patroness.

So thorough had been his course of mathematical and classical studies, and so completely was he master of these branches, that he was at once placed in charge of the classes of Greek and Latin and Algebra; and in the second year of his residence at Mt. St. Mary's, he was appointed Professor of the Greek and Latin languages.

As a proof of his piety, of his humility, and of his veneration for the mysteries of his holy faith at this period of his life, it may not be improper to mention, that when appointed sacristan, one year after having entered the seminary, he prepared himself for his duties by approaching the holy sacraments of penance and the Eucharist, and he went on his bare knees from the door of the church to the sanctuary, so unworthy did he consider himself. It was with fear and trembling that he placed his hand upon the chalice which contained the consecrated blood of Jesus Christ. Familiarity in his long ministry did not diminish one iota of this his early respect and veneration; and often has he warned those whom it was his happiness to have exalted to the holy ministry of the altar, that they should beware and keep over themselves a constant watch, lest familiarity might cause them to forget for one moment a

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particle of that respect due by them to the Holy Sacrament.

The Sainted Brute, by whom he was tenderly beloved, was his Professor of Philosophy and Divinity. Mr. Quarter was a pupil worthy his distinguished master; and the letters of that master, from which I might quote were I not anxious that this memoir should be as brief as possible, show how high an estimate was placed upon his character, his talents and his virtues, by a man who knew well every avenue to the human heart, and who could thread its mazes with consummate skill. Even after Mr. Quarter had been transplanted to another field, the watchful care, the consoling accents of encouragement, and the sincere expressions of commendation, were bestowed by this good old man upon his absent pupil, and were never forgotten by him who was the object of such solicitude.

"Among all the professors and students he was highly esteemed for his clear mind, sound judgment, gentle disposition, firm friendship and perfect devotion;" and he loved these with an affection so pure that amid all the changing scenes of his life, too apt generally to engender forgetfulness, he ceased not to remember them each and every one; and how his bright eye would sparkle and his spirits become elated, when he met with any child of that dear old *mountain*, with whom he could converse of the days that were past, and of the men who had been called to other scenes on earth, or away to a better world; or with one who could tell him of the

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progress and prosperity of that favourite institution, and the tear would start unbidden to his eye, when the new names that now filled the places of those he loved so tenderly, were repeated, calling up to his mind the truthfulness of the observation, that we are but sojourners on this earth, where all is change.

Often have I been seated with him for hours, forgetting all else, while we spoke of the men and things there—of the little church away up upon the mountain-side—of the beautiful valley that stretched out in front of it from the base of the Blue-ridge and extended away as far as the eye could reach—of the graveyard and the friends of his that lay mouldering there—of the cottage, and the garden, and the grotto, and the ravine, bridged over by "Plunket's folly"—of the crystal fountain bubbling up at the mountain's base, pure, sparkling, and bright, and distributing its liquid treasures—of the old wooden college that has been long since removed and replaced by the tall stone one, with its majectic steeple, with its cross above the clouds; its terraces and its trees, fringing their borders—of the hunting grounds, and the rabbit dens and their trappers;—of the little gardens of each student's industry, nestled like birds' nests amid the tall tress upon the mountain-side—of these and a thousand other topics that may be readily imagined by any one who has spent his college-years at Mt. St. Mary's. In this regard for the memories of those years, we behold how unchangeable were his affections. Once your friend, he was "a friend indeed."

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On the 29th day of October, in the year 1826, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dubois was consecrated Bishop of New-York. At his departure from the institution which he had founded, he took with him the exeat and other papers committed to his keeping by Mr. Quarter when he was received into the Seminary. It was the intention of Bishop Dubois to call him to his own diocese as soon as the termination of his course of theological studies had been reached. He did call him; and though the then Archbishop of Baltimore exerted himself to detain him, and though the faculty of the College made him splendid offers in order to prevent his departure, and to secure the continuance of his services to that institution, he felt himself bound by the ties of a stronger gratitude to his first friend, and he cheerfully resigned the honours that awaited his college-life for the labours and privations of a mission under his benefactor.

On the 14th of September, 1829, he left the lovely retirement of his mountain-home, where he had spent so many happy days, for the noise and bustle of the great city of New-York, which was to be the theatre of his ministerial labours. "He reached New-York on Wednesday evening, the 16th of the same month, and on Thursday morning, the 17th, he received at the hands of Bishop Dubois the Clerical Tonsure, Minor Orders, and Subdeaconship; on Friday morning, the 18th, Deaconship; and on Saturday morning he was raised to the dignity of the Priesthood." Being under 23 years of

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age when he was ordained, the sacrament was therefore conferred on him by dispensation.

On the day after this ordination, Bishop Dubois started for Europe, leaving the charge of his diocese to the very Rev. Dr. Power, then Pastor of St. Peter's. As administrator, Dr. Power took up his residence in the Bishop's house, placing the Rev. Jas. Smith in the pastoral charge of his own church. The Rev. William Quarter was appointed the assistant pastor of St. Peter's, receiving his clerical jurisdiction from the Very Rev. Dr. Power.

In the year 1831 he determined to pay a visit to his Alma Mater, Mt. St. Mary's. Rev. Mr. Smith, being anxious that the female portion of the children of his congregation should be entrusted to the care of the Sisters of Charity, Rev. Mr. Quarter determined, on his arrival at Emmetsburg, to propose to the Mother Superioress at St. Joseph's, to send on to New York three sisters of the order who would take charge of the female free-school attached to St. Peter's Church. The proposition was favourably received, and in the month of June of the same year, the three sisters asked, took charge of the schools. Sister Lucy Ignatius was the first sister servant.

The house first occupied by these ladies was a miserably dilapidated frame building, directly opposite to the church, and on the very spot probably where the splendid mansion recently erected for the present Rev. Clergy now stands. After the lapse of a year, they were transferred from that shattered

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building to another not much better, which was on the same side with the church itself, and which was the house occupied previously by the clergymen of the church. Here they lived, pursuing their mission of love and mercy, until necessity compelled them to remove their frame building and erect another in its stead. After years of privation, they at last succeeded in building their present splendid and spacious house on the ground that was sanctified by their early labours and sufferings.

On Wednesday the 9th day of November, in this year, the church of St. Mary in Sheriff-street was burned to the ground. The loss was a heavy one, "but steps were immediately taken, (under the direction of Rev. Luke Berry, the pastor of old St. Mary's,) by some active members of the congregation, to secure a handsome site for a new church." The lots selected and purchased are those on the corner of Grand and Ridge streets, upon which the present church of St. Mary's stands.

The congregation had many, (and to a less devoted and enterprising people) almost insurmountable difficulties to overcome, before they could again assemble under the roof of a church they might call their own. In one month and five days (Dec. 14th) after the conflagration of St. Mary's, and before they had recovered from that shock, a new calamity befel the congregation in the death of their beloved pastor. Thus the church and the pastor, in the space of a few short weeks, existed only in remembrance. Still, though the shepherd

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was smitten, the sheep were not scattered. They laboured earnestly in the erection of their new church, and successfully, until that terrible scourge, the cholera, broke out amongst them; entering their habitations, their storehouses and their workshops—striking them down in the thronged marts of business or upon the highway—passing onward with its car of destruction, and crushing beneath its wheels the rich and the poor, the just and the unjust—desolating cities, and making charnel-houses of the populous habitations of men. The building advanced slowly during these days of affliction, of wo, of misery, and of death: for as the city was comparatively desolated, no means could be collected. At length, however, a brighter day dawned: the dark cloud that hovered so long over the devoted city was dispelled, and the energies of the congregation were again aroused to complete the work.

During this period of time when the cholera was in New-York, Rev. Wm. Quarter was still assistant pastor at St. Peter's, and here it was that the generous self-devotion of this truly christian missionary shone conspicuous, and left for him a name and a fame that will not be forgotten in that city while the visitation of the cholera is remembered. From the time of its commencement until its termination he was always at his post. Day and night he laboured constantly and unceasingly, well satisfied if he could snatch but *three* hours' repose from the twenty-four. If you sought for him, you would find him now in the humble habitation of poverty, again in

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the mansions of wealth—every place where duty called him. Yes, there he was, amid pestilence and death, holding the cup of refreshment to the parched lips of the sufferer, when the nearest and the dearest had forsaken him; "wiping away the clammy sweat from his sunken brow, fixing the dimmed eye on the sign of salvation, and turning its expiring glance to heaven;" or fortifying the departing spirit for its gloomy passage through the gates of death, with the last sacraments of that Church, whose faith fortified his heart and strengthened him, encouraging him onward in the path of his hard duty, inspiring him with a bravery far greater than was ever exhibited by warrior on any battle-field. Truly has it been said, that the enthusiasm of genius has made poets and orators; the enthusiasm of glory, conquerors; but the enthusiasm of charity inspires the humble ministers of the faith taught to the fishermen—of charity, which is their morning and evening sacrifice, which is the labour and happiness of their entire lives.

Besides devoting himself to the victims of disease, he gathered together the children of the dead members of his flock to the number of about sixty, and placing them under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, freely gave all the means he possessed for their support. O! how many blessings would not the pure prayers of these little innocents, rescued from starvation and death, or from a fate worse than death, which might have overtaken them had they been cast out upon a wicked world; how many blessings would not the prayers of these, I say, call down upon the

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head of him who was indeed their benefactor! He obtained for his purpose a house from Cornelius Heaney, Esq., to whom the orphans of New-York owe very much, and who afterwards gave the same house to the Sisters of Charity, for the benefit of the fatherless. Here, guarded by a watchful care, they were fed and clothed until the time when they could safely take their places in the busy world.

Rev. Mr. Quarter resided, during this period of his missionary career, in the house of Mr. Snowden, the publisher of the Courier and Enquirer. The great attention of this young ecclesiastic to the people of his flock, the heroic self-devotion, and the sacrifices he underwent during those days "that tried men's souls," produced so great an impression upon the minds of the lady and family of this gentleman, that she with her three daughters and two sons embraced the faith that taught such heroism for God's sake. Often, during the period of that fearful visitation, did she herself sit and watch while the worn-out priest was resting his exhausted frame, so that she might give him notice of the calls upon him.

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CHAPTER III.

HIS MISSIONARY LABOURS AT ST. MARY'S IN NEW YORK, 1833—1844

The storm that had paralyzed the energies of the congregation of St. Mary's had passed by, and their church was completed. It was dedicated on the 9th of June, in the year 1833, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dubois. At the close of the service, the Bishop announced to the people that Rev. Wm. Quarter was appointed by him Pastor of the new church of Saint Mary's.

He continued the pastor of this church until his consecration for the See of Chicago. Mr. Quarter entered at once upon his duties with all the ardour of his nature, and with a view of labour frevently and sincerely for the good of the flock committed to his care; so that when called to give an account of his stewardship, his Master might be satisfied with him. He set himself at once to work, in order to remedy the evils that existed among the people of his new charge. The youths of the congregation were scattered, and he observed with grief and affliction that they could not be collected for the purpose of receiving religious instructions on Sundays.

"He had already the experience of the salutary influence exercised over the female youth of the congregation of St. Peter's Church by the Sisters of Charity, and he was resolved, if possible, to obtain them at St. Mary's. The church was as yet, how-

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ever, struggling and much embarassed, and he knew not how he could obtain his object." On consultation with the trustees, though they did not oppose him, yet they advised him to lay aside his purpose until some future day, since the expenses thus necessarily to be added would be beyond their means.

Bishop Bubois, whom he consulted respecting the introduction of the Sisters, advised the same course, owing to the observations of the trustees with respect to their straitened circumstances. But when did ordinary difficulties or obstructions deter Rev. William Quarter from undertaking and accomplishing anything, if he saw clearly that it was for the advancement of the holy cause to which he had consecrated his life? Difficulties that would affright ordinary men only stimulated him to more energetic action. When any measure was for the benefit of religion, he fearlessly undertook it, confident that God would watch over and favour the issue. In this matter, the conviction that his present purpose must be accomplished at his own risk, did not deter him; but he with that spirit of self-sacrifice which ever characterized him, resolved to make the experiment even at that risk. With the consent of his Bishop, he therefore commenced on his own responsibility a correspondence with the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity at Emmetsburg, the result of which was, that on the first of September, 1833, three of the ladies of this community arrived in New-York to take charge of the free-school of St. Mary's.

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They were Sister Eugene, Sister Servant; Sister Mary, and Sister Pelagia.

On the arrival of the Sisters, a school was immediately opened. The more respectable Catholics of this and other portions of the city encouraged it by sending their daughters. In addition to the small salary thus afforded, the Sisters were allowed to receive a few scholars, boarders, whose pensions would enable them to defray current expenses. Many difficulties (as was anticipated) presented themselves, and it required all the skill and management of Mr. Quarter to be exerted, ere his undertaking ceased to be a serious burden upon him; still that burden was cheerfully borne, until at last his perseverance triumphed.

He then directed the Sisters to throw the school under the church open to all; making it free for the poorest children of his little flock, and to establish a select school in their own house. This plan succeeded admirably. The free schools were frequented by a large number of pupils; there came daily at first about one hundred pupils, which number was soon increased to about five hundred. The number of the pupils in the select school averaged from seventy to eighty, and sometimes it reached one hundred. He had thus, in a comparatively brief space of time, the gratification of witnessing success crown his efforts.

"What an appearance did these schools now present! How different from what they were a few months before the Sisters of Charity arrived! Then

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were *male* and *female* teacher engaged in the same room, instructing a few squalid and dirty-looking children, boys and girls mixing indiscriminately. Now the pupils under the charge of the Sisters presented a different appearance: they were orderly and decorous in their behavious, and they were the elements of the future congregation of St. Mary's, promising to grow up in virtue, and being early instructed in sound religious principles."

When the church of St. Mary's had surmounted most of her pecuniary difficulties, the trustees added their efforts to those of their zealous pastor, in order to secure a residence of their own for the Sisters of Charity. The house which they then occupied No. 447 Grand Street, was purchased for them.

Thus to the enterprise and perseverance of Rev. William Quarter are the congregation of St. Mary's indebted for the introduction among them of the humble daughters of Saint Vincent, and for the manifold and incalculable blessings that follow thence to them and to their children, and to their children's children. Well indeed may they consider him their benefactor. He was the benefactor not of the Catholics of St. Mary's only, but of the whole city—of the poor and the orphan; for he was instrumental in establishing the first colony of the Sisters of Charity of St. Peter's also.

The benefits resulting to the Catholics and to the city, may be estimated in some measure, when it is remembered that the child is father of the man—that men are but children of larger growth; and that as we

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would have the character of the man, so must we have the character of the child. This truth, which the experience of ages confirms—which is written on temples and palaces, on upturned altars and ruined shrines—on all the monuments of the earth—in letters of blood upon every page of the history of man—is so familiar, that it ceases to command our attention.

"The Pastor of St. Mary's Church, anxious for the spiritual advancement of the congregation committed to his charge, thought it advisable, as soon as convenient, to establish confraternities and pious sodalities of the Rosary and the Scapular. When the members of a congregation are attached to some religious society or confraternity, they are more likely to attend to their religious obligations. They find occupation in prayer on Sundays and festivals, and other leisure hours; whereas if they were not attached to such societies, much of their time might be wasted in vice and dissipation, in slander and calumny, especially on those days when their worldly occupations do not claim their attention, and when, forgetting that the greater part of these days should be spent in the service of God, they seem to think they can idle them away or spend them in frivolous amusements or in sin. The poor especially experience much consolation in attaching themselves to any pious sodality or confraternity: while the rich seldom attach themselves to these associations. The least sacrifice of ease or of pleasure seems too much for them, and hence it is that their

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souls grow cold in devotion; the sacraments even THAT the Church commands them to approach at least once a year, they neglect, and they seem to disregard the penalties due their non-compliance.

What a contrast the rich who do not, and the poor who do, attach themselves to these sodalities, present in the church on Sunday! In the morning early the poor are devoutly there preparing to feed their souls on the rich banquet of the *Body* and *Blood* of Jesus Christ. The rich have not as yet raised their heads from off their soft pillows. At the last mass, the poor are there fasting up to the hour of midday, and then too happy if they be permitted to approach the table of their Lord. They press through the dense mass of people, and prostrate themselves before the altar, their souls filled with devotion and inflamed with divine love. The rich sit in their pews and look coldly and indifferently on them, and appear like strangers in the house of their Lord and Master: they have no regard for the spiritual favours and heavenly blessings, gifts and graces which God would bestow on them, were they faithful.

At vespers, the poor are again in the house of God. The seats of the rich are empty. The psalm of praise and the canticle of joy is being sung; the rich join not in the chorus; the sacred melody has no charm for their ears; and they sit, if there at all, gazing idly, or perhaps ridiculing those simple, pious souls that are engaged in the praises of their God. Not now even are the poor tired of their

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devotions. Again they assemble in the evening, to close the day with prayer, to read pious books, and to recite the Rosary. Thus it is that the members of the several religious societies now established at St. Mary's, spend the Sunday."

These lines, written by Bishop Quarter himself, when pastor of the congregation of which he speaks, proves, that though "he found the parish overrun with vice," it did not continue long so under his zealous and watchful care: but it became, for its devotion and for its piety, an example to the whole city. They exhibit also to us evidences of the regard in which he held the mother of God, in the efforts made to establish sodalities in her honour. And that the same tender regard for her was entertained by him to the end of his life, is evidenced in his last Pastoral Letter, written but a short time before his death. When speaking of the adoption of "the Blessed Virgin Mary, conceived without sin," as the *Patroness* of the *American Church*, he says:

"We Catholics are not ashamed to honour the mother of our Redeemer, who is also our mother; we hesitate not to ask her intercession and her prayers on our behalf with her divine Son, knowing that they will be efficacious, if the fault be not our own. Jesus honoured the Blessed Virgin Mary in choosing her for his mother—and shall Christians not honour her likewise? She has been selected by God to give birth to the Saviour and the Redeemer—and shall we be unmindful of the glorious prerogative? The angel of God prophesied that all generations should call Mary blessed—and shall it not be our glory to

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contribute as far as we can to the fulfillment of this angelic prophecy?

"Our attachment to the Blessed Virgin is no ways destructive of, or prejudicial to our firm belief in Christ, but rather an encouragement to it—because it is grounded on her prerogatives, which derive all their lustre from Christ, and are only as it were a reflection of the glory of the Son to the mother. It is in consequence of our steadfast belief in the divinity of Christ, that we respect and honour the Blessed Virgin, who subministered to him her flesh in the accomplishment of the mystery of the Incarnation as Mother of God, and that we suppose her to have been favoured with additional accumulation of graces to fit her for the sublime station to which she had been elected. The Son is therefore the fundamental cause of all her privileges, and the immediate object of our veneration; and we do not pretend to honour the mother but with reference to the Son, and in him. 'There is no question,' says St. Jerome, 'but whatsoever praise is given to the mother, it all rebounds to the Son.' Our devotion then to the B. V. contributes to strengthen our faith in Christ—because upon the one the other has an essential dependence.

"Let the Sodalities and Societies, in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, already established in many of the churches and congregations of this diocese, renew their fervour, and endeavour to increase their numbers. If they are the devout clients of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, they will be beloved by her divine Son. Who is devout to Mary, who has not a supreme love and a supreme devotion for Jesus, the Eternal World? Who despises the mother that can still love the Son?"

His whole missionary career in New York was marked by the same zealous efforts to promote the welfare of his people, and by his unceasing labours in the faithful discharge of all his duties; and he was always ready to respond to any call, even without

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the sphere of his duties, when that call was for the promotion of the honour and glory of God.

Among the most brilliant results of his teachings in St. Mary's, was the conversion of the Rev. John James Maximilian Oertel, a Lutheran minister of New York city. This gentleman was the son of Professor Oertel, M. D., of Ansback, in Bavaria. He studied theology in the University of Erlang. "After a course of five years' studies in this University, he was examined for holy orders, and was soon ordained a minister of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Being invited by the Evangelical Missionary Society of Barmen, in Prussia, to preach the Gospel to German protestants of the United States," he accepted the invitation and departed for New-York, whither he arrived in the year 1837.

To use the words of Rev. Mr. Oertel himself: "I was a zealous preacher of the Lutheran doctrines; for I believed that the Lutheran Church alone was the true Church of Christ." Again he says: "Influenced by the prejudices of my education at the University, I believed that the Lutheran doctrine was the same as that taught by the fathers of the preceding ages; I believed that Luther's doctrine was the same as that which *Christ taught* to his apostles, and which they delivered to their successors. * * * * * * * * I believed that I had learned the sound doctrine, and that I had the *true belief*. I believed, in a word, that I was a member of the Holy Catholic Church, and I clung to the thought with the fondness of a child for its mother."

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He looked upon the holy fathers of the early ages of the Church, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, &c., as the witnesses best entitled to be believed with respect to what were the teachings and the practices of the early Church, and no doubt ever harassed his mind, that the doctrine taught by these holy fathers was the same as that preached by himself.

What then must have been the disappointment of a man who clung thus ardently to the teachings of the fathers, to find here in this country, on his arrival, these teachings diregarded;—to witness the indifference, the lukewarmness and the infidelity of those who professed to be the ministers and the followers of the *great* (?) *Reformer!*

Chagrined and in sorrow at the want of unity in doctrine among the teachers of the protestant belief, with whom he associated in New York, he resolved to visit Missouri, where the Lutheran Bishop, Dr. Stephan, resided. He expected to find in him a true professor of the belief taught to himself on the other side of the Atlantic. But he was disappointed. Bishop Stephan believed, as he often told him, "*that the Lutheran Church is extinct, not only in Germany, but throughout all Europe.*" How soon did Mr. Oertel find this so! How soon did he realize the truth of the charge, that "there are not *three* professors of *Theology* in Germany, who consent to or agree with the old Lutheran doctrines as laid down in the Lutheran symbolical books!"

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In this condition of things, it was no wonder that serious doubts began to disturb his mind, and that anxiety succeeded to doubt; that the little bark, in which his faith had hitherto quietly sailed, began to be tossed by the tempest, and that he began to direct his mind to the applying of those marks by which only the true Church of Christ is to be recognized.

It would be out of place here to follow him through the arguments he advances in the course of his inquiry: suffice it to say, that in laying down the marks of the true Church;—her Unity, her Sanctity, her Catholicity and her Apostolicity, as the only means whereby she could be tested, he found that his Lutheran Church could claim no inheritance of the faith of the early Church, and that, therefore, as these marks would not apply to her, she was *not the true Church.*

Arrived at this point of his inquiry, he was tossed like a vessel

> "On a sea of dreams,
> Her helm of reason lost;"

and for a time he balanced between christianity and infidelity, between hope and despair!

"Oh, it would be difficult to describe," says he, "my feelings at the eventful moment when I became convinced that I was not a member of the true Church. Could I have persuaded myself that it was only a dream, and that the illusion would pass away as soon as I awoke, what a consolation would it have been to my agitated mind, and to my bleeding soul! But I could not do so. The vizard was now lifted,

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and I shuddered at the sight of what it had so carefully concealed from my view." Oertel's Reasons for becoming a Catholic, p. 24.

It was at this time that accident made him acquainted with the pastor of St. Mary's, Rev. Wm. Quarter; and the kind, affable and gentlemanly manners of this zealous priest so captivated Mr. Oertel, that he opened to him his heart. "Rev. Mr. Quarter cheerfully extended his hand," says he, "to support my weakness, and gave his advice to cheer my mind." He furnished him with works which explained correctly the Catholic doctrines and practices, and he elucidated whatever might seem obscure. Mr. Oertel was a finished scholar, and an excellent theologian, and was the very man able to detect an error in the instructions thus imparted to him, if one existed. He had already detected the errors in his former belief, and was now the more alive to the possibility of deceptions, particularly in the teachings of a Church upon which he had hitherto looked with aversion.

But he applied to this Church the marks by which he knew that her claims to authority were to be tested. The mark of unity could be applied to her for "all her members agree in one faith, are all in one communion, and are all under one head." The mark of sanctity could be applied to her: for "she teaches a holy doctrine, invites all to a holy life, and is distinguished by the eminent sanctity of so many thousands of her children." The mark of Catholicity could be applied to her: for "she teaches

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all nations, extends through all ages, and maintains all truth." The mark of Apostolicity applies to her: "because from the apostles has she received her doctrine, her orders, and her mission."

Yes, he found that to that Church, which was ever the same; which though kingdoms and empires, and states and people, have risen up and faded away, was herself unchangeable; which teaches now the same doctrine taught by her divine Founder on the shores of the sea of Galilee, and which she will teach until the end of time; that to that Church only would these marks apply; and, resting his fevered temples upon that holy mother's bosom, beneath which throbbed the fountain of a vitality, as enduring as the word of God, he wept for very joy, that he had at last found the secure haven, wherein he could anchor the frail bark of his mortality, regardless of the storms that might howl and the waves that might dash against her with their broken fury, until the coming of the bright day, when he might plant his ransomed feet upon the shores of that land which is within the walls of the heavenly paradise.

Mr. Oertel is still living in the city of Baltimore, where he edits a *Catholic German* newspaper. Dear to him must be the memory of Bishop Quarter, through whose instrumentality, under God, he became reconciled to that Church, which ensures him the prospect of meeting again his earthly mediator in heaven.

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CHAPTER IV.

FROM HIS CONSECRATION FOR THE SEE OF CHICAGO UNTIL THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS EPISCOPAL LABOURS, 1844—1845.

The Provincial Council that assembled in Baltimore in May, 1843, finding that from the very great spread of the Catholic Church several additional Bishops were necessary, passed a decree recommending the formation of the New Sees of Chicago, Illinois; Little Rock, Arkansas; Hartford, Connecticut; and Milwaukie, Wisconsin; and the Apostolic Vicarate of Oregon Territory. The recommendation of this Council was immediately acted upon by the court of Rome: and accordingly, in the February of the following year (1844), the Apostolic letters for the consecration of the three new Bishops, who were to be taken from New York, arrived in that city; and on the 10th of March, 1844, these gentlemen were consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. John Hughes, Bishop of New York, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, and Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Richmond. The new Bishops were: Rt. Rev. Wm. Quarter, for the Diocese of Chicago; Rt. Rev. Andrew Byrne, for the Diocese of Little Rock; and Rt. Rev. John McCloskey, now Bishop of Albany, Coadjutor Bishop of New York. The ceremony of the consecration was probably one of the most magnificant spectacles ever witnessed by the

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Catholics of the empire city.—The Freeman's Journal thus describes it:

"At half past nine o'clock precisely, the sacred procession left the sacristy, and passing along the raised dais outside the sanctuary, entered in front of the great altar. First went the Acolytes, Thunrifer, and the Seminarians of St. John's, followed by several clergymen of New-York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and other parts of the diocese, with a few from Emmetsburg College; next were—the Senior Assistant Bishop with his chaplain and attendant; the three Bishops elect—Right Rev. ANDREW BYRNE, Right Rev. WILLIAM QUARTER, and Right Rev. JOHN MCCLOSKEY, with their chaplains and attendants; the other Assistant Bishop, with his chaplain and attendant; then the Master of Ceremonies, the Deacon and Sub-Deacon, Assistant Priest, and other attendants of the consecrator; the procession being closed by the consecrator, the Right Rev. Bishop of New-York. The clergy were in their chasubles or their surplices; the Bishop elect in amict., alb., cincture, stole and cope, and wearing the small cap common to the clergy; the Assistant Bishops in rochets, stoles, copes and mitres, and the consecrator in full pontificals—rochet, stole, cope, mitre, crozier, &c. The vestments of the consecrator and his attendants were of the richest description, and literally dazzled the eye. The mitres and copes of the Assistant Bishops were also distinguished for their beauty, as was the case with the vestments of the clergy generally. As the procession moved slowly forward, its numbers, splendour, and magnificence of array—chasubles and copes and mitres glittering in the light—presented a brilliant and imposing spectacle.

"Many of the clergy and seminarians (the latter particularly) had not room in the sanctuary, and were in attendance in the sacristy, with or without their cossacks. Altogether, the number of clergy and seminarians present during the day could not have been far from seventy; and to the Catholic heart it must have been not the least consoling of the many reflections

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suggested by the occasion, that from the immediate neighbourhood of this one city, so many ecclesiastics and religious could be assembled, and without withdrawing from a single congregation the opportunities of divine service in their own church. Surely such an abundance of labourers promises well for the gathering in of the harvest in this great diocese! God grant it!—say we.

"The ceremony then proceeded, as described with considerable minuteness in this paper last week, until the end of the Gospel, where the Preacher of the Consecration Sermon, the Very Rev. JOHN POWER, D. D., having given the usual salutation to the Consecrator, ascended the pulpit and commenced his discourse.

"At Vespers in the evening, the church was almost as densely crowded as in the morning. The discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Pise. Five of the Bishops and most of the clergy were present; and as they sat in the Sanctuary, the Pontificals of the Bishops and the Vestments of the Priests shining in the lights which burned around, the observer recalled involuntarily what the historians of the time tell of the magnificance of the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold." The Vespers were over at about half past nine, P. M.

"Thus passed and terminated a day, which, in no spirit of vain words we say, will be not only long memorable in this diocese, but will be remarkable in the annals of Catholicism in the United States; remarkable that it witnessed a ceremony without parallel for splendour and importance in this country, the Consecration of three Bishops, two of them for new Sees; remarkable, that it assembled more of the worth and dignity of our American Church than has ever before been brought together, except at the grand Councils of thee ntire Province, six Bishops and nearly fifty Priests; remarkable, also, in a higher sense, that it was a day significant of past progress and future promise, speaking to the Catholic heart with silent but thrilling eloquence of great triumphs achieved, and of those still greater, God willing, yet to be accomplished: and recalling to

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it irresistibly the consoling conviction that the Promise of the New Covenant is eternal with the Church, and that those spiritual princes whom she on that day sent forth, went of a surety "CONQUERING AND TO CONQUER;" remarkable, in fine, that it was a day which, long years hence—when those who performed and those who received the august rite, and those who looked on breathless with awe at the mystery before them, shall have passed away, and save a few, been all forgotten—when, as we trust in God it will be, the mists of error now darkening our well-loved land shall have disappeared before the ascending Sun of Righteousness, and His Church shall have won over to her sway of love all the tongues and races within the republic, so that from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from the Mississippi to the Pacific shore, there shall be but one faith for one nation of free, enlightened and happy Americans—a day which then the Catholic historian will love to dwell upon with delight, and record upon his glowing page, as the advent of one of the many bright eras which (please GOD) will illustrate the history of the Church of CHRIST in the New World."

Hard must have been the struggle to the sensitive Bishop Quarter, when obliged to tear himself away from his faithful flock of St. Mary's, who had woven themselves around his heart, by whom he was so tenderly beloved, and among whom he had laboured so long, and so successfully. Though his good father, Bishop Dubois, was gone to the bosom of his God, yet from his successor in the episcopal chair of New York, Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes, (a scion from that noble tree that Bishop Dubois planted at the foot of the Blue Ridge)—it cost his heart a pang to separate. Still duty, and the honour and glory of God, bade him forsake all things for Christ's sake, and go again among the strangers for his resting place.

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He was anxious to enter without delay upon the field of his labours, where the harvest was fast ripening, and lest one ear might drop, or be lost from neglect. Accordingly, on the 18th of April, accompanied by his brother, Very Rev. Walter J. Quarter, he departed from New York for Chicago where he arrived on Sunday morning, May the 5th. Though fatigued and weary from his long and very tedious journey, like a general on the field of battle, he was at once at his post, and no personal considerations could induce this faithful servant of God to neglect for a moment his duty. On the day of his arrival, he said mass in the old church and preached in the new one.

The old church was a long low frame building, having upon it a small steeple and bell. It was on the lot directly in the rear of the Bishop's dwelling. This building has been since divided: one half being used as the Academy of St. Joseph, the preparatory department of the University of St. Mary of the Lake. The other half was removed to the rear of the new church, to be used by the Sisters of Mercy for their free school.

The new church, then unfinished, is the present cathedral. At that time the brick walls of the church were merely roofed, and *four posts* stood upright where the steeple now stands. "The building was not plastered; a temporary altar was stuck up against the western wall. There was no vestry; the sanctuary was enclosed with rough boards; the children were seated on benches, on each side, where

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the vestries are now.—There were neither columns, nor steps, nor doors, (except temporary ones made of rough boards;) and worse than all, even that much of a church was burdened with about three thousand dollars of debt. Add to this, that on the adjoining lot, where the Convent of Mercy now stands, the whole purchase-money, about 1000 dollars, was unpaid, as also four hundred dollars on the grave-yard. Thus there was near five thousand dollars debt contracted by his predecessors, and some of this debt bearing interest at from 10 to 12 per cent.," was left as a legacy to the new Bishop of Chicago! With an unfinished church, and a poor congregation, and such a debt, what a prospect had he! Dark and dreary enough it must have been, but there was before him a bright star, beckoning him and alluring him onward; and with his eye steadily fixed on that hope-star, he faltered not.

Such was the condition of the church of Chicago, when Bishop Quarter took possession of his see. How different was the state of affairs, that day on which he stood for the last time in the pulpit of his beautiful church, when the mellow tones of the magnificent organ were re-echoed by the lofty domes and the spacious aisles, filling all the hearts that came there to treasure up his burning words with hopes of the enjoyment of heavenlier strains, when the choirs above will take up the chant, intoned below, and continue it forever around the throne of the Invisible.

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He considered it impossible that the congregation of St. Mary's in Chicago could at that time pay the debt upon, and finish their church, and therefore he and his brother having united their funds, paid it with their own private means. His generous-hearted flock followed this noble example. The city was divided into districts; proper collectors were appointed; and so harmoniously and successfully did they labour, that in about a year they had the happiness of kneeling before the new altar in their finished church, whose glittering spire and golden cross reflect the first rays of the morning sun, as it rises out of the bosom of the broad and beautiful Lake Michigan.

This was the first, and at that time the only steeple in Chicago; and its cross, the emblem of man's salvation, perched upon the summit of that steeple, is the first object that presents itself to the traveller approaching the harbour from the lakes, or far away upon the prairie, as his eye rests upon the "city of the plain." But it is no longer the only one: for several beautiful steeples and spires now adorn the different churches; yet of all these, St. Mary's (true to her heavenly origin) is the only one that is not ashamed to rear on high that sign which will be the sign of victory—of the triumph of the Son of man, when he comes in the clouds of heaven to judge the world!

Previous to the erection of the new see of Chicago, the greater part of the state of Illinois had been under the episcopal jurisdiction of the Bishop of

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Vincennes, in the State of Indiana. The clergymen in this district therefore belonged to that diocese. As soon as it was known that his episcopal power in Illinois was about to be superseded, the Bishop of Vincennes recalled all his priests from the diocese of Chicago. They obeyed immediately, excepting four who were unwilling to leave unprotected the children committed to their spiritual charge, as they must in that case (having no pastors) have been for a long time deprived of the consolations of their holy religion.

Two of these gentlemen were Rev. Maurice de Saint Palais, the present worthy Bishop of Vincennes, and Rev. Mr. Fischer, and they were the only officiating clergymen in Chicago on the arrival of Bishop Quarter. Much service as they might have rendered to the new Bishop, their stay with him was but short indeed; for early in the month of June their immediate return to the diocese of Vincennes was commanded, their Bishop, suspending their functions until they obeyed. Bishop Quarter could obtain neither mitigation of the penalty, nor privilege for them to remain with him any time. They were, therefore, obliged to depart, and to leave him without a priest to watch over the districts in which they had officiated. This was a great and unexpected difficulty, but, like every other that beset his path, it was met resolutely.

He was soon able, however, to add to his priests, and before the end of the month of June he had ordained three, among whom was the present

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distinguished V. President of the University of St. Mary's of the Lake, Very Rev. Jeremiah A. Kinsella.

On the 5th of May, as we have seen, Bishop Quarter arrived in Chicago, and on the third of June he opened the new Catholic College, the germ of the present University, in the building formerly occupied as the old church. This establishment commenced with two professors and six students.

He was ever a most liberal patron of education, considering that among his first duties he should provide means for that end. Not for that education which the world generally dignifies with the title; but for an education by which the mental and the moral man would be cultivated together; in which the being would be taught to consider the instructions of this life as merely the means for obtaining the great end for which we were all created.

There is a physiological law which teaches, that *Practice* or *Repetition* is essential to induce facility of mental and moral, as well as of bodily action; and, therefore, in mental and moral education this fact is so important, that it should be engraven on the heart of every one interested in the welfare of society. It is only by repetition, that impressions can be made upon the mind, so as to render them permanent. A truth may be enunciated; but it is only by repetition that it escapes oblivion. As no accomplishment can be attained by a single effort, so, when the mind is engaged upon any new subject, it

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is only by study, viz., by repeating, that it is mastered.

The extent to which this law of repetition effects the intellectual and moral condition of the world, has not been properly estimated; and though I cannot enter fully into the subject in a work of this kind, yet I cannot pass it unnoticed altogether, and, when writing respecting the foundation of a College for the purposes of education, I will be pardoned, I hope, the digression.

If we would be kind, sociable, polite, &c., &c., we must be always so, whether in private or in public. If we, in the retirement of our homes, indulge in habits or in language that we would hide from the world's eye and ear, we will betray ourselves often when we do not expect it. Therefore it is, that with all his efforts to appear genteel, an ill-bred or a profane man, will, in spite of all his watchfulness, betray his accustomed associations; for the habit, which has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, cannot be controlled. As are those associations, such will be the character of the man for life; and for the one that rises above the vicious associations of early years, ten thousand sink into the depths of sin and infamy, so low, that there is no escape for them but through the gates of death. Thus it comes that our cities, densely populated, are filled with wretches, fit ministers for every crime. They have never known what virtue is—they have grown up in the haunts where thieves and gamblers and drunkards congregate;—where

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cunning, cheating, and beastly gratification hold their empire;—where no warning voice is ever raised in behalf of honesty or piety, or against the bad example set before them. As these vices are daily held up before their eyes, they become practised, and, in accordance with the principle laid down, by the repetition, increase upon them, until they swallow up every virtuous sentiment that God may have implanted in their hearts, and that, watered by the careful hand of innocence, might have produced fruit ripening for immortality.

If these individuals had been blessed with the privilege of better associations, with the temperate, the honourable, the virtuous, the same law of repetition would have so strengthened them, as to have enabled them to stand firm against the seductions that beset their early years, and that lie like pit-falls all around their pathway through life.

It is passing strange, that, with the evidences daily and hourly staring us in the face, that appeals to the intellect will never fix permanently a high moral feeling or course of education, we should be so negligent of the fact thus demonstrated, that it is the brain we cultivate, and not the immaterial principle, mind. When we wish to accomplish either of the purposes of which I have just spoken, we do what scarce any one is aware we do, viz., we exercise the brain. How long would it be before appeals to the intellect would convert the hardened heart from its wickedness! But if the feelings of kindness, of love and of sympathy, may have been

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early exercised until they are easily called up from the great deep in which years had entombed them, how readily do appeals for this purpose find their way to the heart and produce abundant harvest! And yet we never think but that the harvest springs immediately from the edge of the sickle that is gathering it; we never think that the seed must have been long sown; that the germ must have grown; that the husbandman merely gathers what some other hand planted.

From the very savage that prowls through our forests, or hunts the deer and the buffalo upon our far-away prairies, we might learn wisdom. If he wishes the young warrior he is rearing to distinguish the sound of the footstep of his foe, he does not merely point out the way he should listen, lay down the rules, &c., but he directs him to put his ear to the ground, and by the effect produced upon a material organ, by the exercise of that organ until it is capable of distinguishing those sounds, does he train him. If he wishes him to excel in the various accomplishments of savage life—in lying in wait—in ambush—in daring attack—in courage—in contempt of pain—of fatigue—in revenge—he practises him in the same manner by the exercise of the material instrument, until he is worthy to become a chief of his tribe; and yet if we reflect but one moment, we will be satisfied that it is the mind, which thus manifests itself through its exercised material organ, and accomplishes his purpose.

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Thus should it be with us. If we wish our children to excel in the accomplishments of civilized life—if we wish them to be modest, humble, virtuous in the most extended sense,—a solace to our gray hairs, *we must exercise and cultivate in them the virtues we wish them to possess.* WE MUST MAKE THIS EXERCISE A PART OF THEIR DAILY LIFE. We must educate the conscience;—we must educate all the feelings, in order that they may become the sources of happiness here, and of hope hereafter. We will then learn how much easier it is to practise virtue than vice;—how much easier it will be to make the world a better place.

Man does not come from the hand of his Creator necessarily vicious, he is made so by *an erroneous education; and if we would remedy this error, we must search for its source, and we will find that it is in the ignorance of the fact, that the virtues must be cultivated as well as the physical organs, in order that they should be vigorous.

How erroneous then is that course of education which excludes religious training;—which appeals to the intellect only, and not to the moral and religious sentiments and affections! Many, it is true, both schools and parents, profess to give their pupils and children religious instructions; but it is by moral precepts which appeal to the intellect only, and which are uttered only to be forgotten; may be are contradicted by the practise which alone can make them permanent.

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What I contend for is the necessity of the daily repetition of, or education in virtuous practises; and in the practical education of the young, it becomes a matter of the highest moment, to remember that the moral sentiments and the intellectual processes are absolutely dependent on the physical organization, and require that daily cultivation as much as any of the physical operations of the body. How absurd then to expect, that the moral instruction given on one day in the seven, is sufficient to counteract the immoral impressions that are likely to be made on the other six days!

We cannot, therefore, sufficiently cherish those institutions that combine religious training with the intellectual. They are the only props that sustain society against the deluge of indifferentism and infidelity, that is sweeping over the land. Thank God! that in the Catholic Church are to be found societies of men and women who devote their lives to this noble enterprise!

When we look to the future as well as to the present; to the children and to the children's children, that will be saved from everlasting perdition, (to say nothing of the bad example their evil course would have given, and of its effects upon the world,) saved, I say, by the timely instruction furnished at such institutions, we can estimate, in a measure, the debt of gratitude which the world owes to the founders of these schools. They are indeed benefactors of their people and of their age, and of ages far down the stream of time, when their names will

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have been long forgotten. Thus will the schools established by Bishop Quarter continue to shed abroad over the world the light of science and of religion, forming an holy union, blessed before the throne of God, strewing the thorny pathway of life with roses that bloom even in the winter of age, and deck with their never-fading loveliness the lonesome prison-house of the grave.

How strongly did he urge the wedded union of religion and philosophy, and while he wished to store the intellect with treasures of learning, he endeavoured to furnish the heart with unfailing support against the bitter trials of life! Here indeed does religion fulfil her divine mission, turning the wayworn and the weary into that beautiful valley of virtue and faith, where its purified waters will bring refreshment to the seared hearts of thousands, causing them to bless the author of their being, and teaching them to look with a steady eye onward, to that home in which they may sit down to rest after their pilgrimage is ended—that home in their father's house in heaven.

So eager was he to establish schools of a kind in which the very highest order of literary and scientific learning would be imparted together with proper religious instruction, that he determined to establish a University; and on the 19th of December of this year a bill was passed by the legislature, incorporating "the University of St. Mary of the Lake."

With the same solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the children under his charge, that characterized

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his efforts in behalf of the children of St. Mary's, New York, he now, when he could obtain a moment's leisure, set about providing means for their spiritual instructions, more directly even than could be accomplished in the schools; and for this purpose he formed those children into a pious association, and the lessons then learned from his lips show their fruit in the virtuous and exemplary young men and women that form part of the Catholic youth of Chicago.

The same legislature that passed the law incorporating the University of St. Mary of the Lake, passed a bill empowering the Bishop of Chicago and his successors to hold property in trust for the use of the Catholic Church. The passage of a law, which, as far as I know, exists in every diocese in the United States, has in itself nothing strange or unusual, nor would it have found a notice here, only that from want of understanding its nature, it has been sometimes represented in a false light, and has been supposed to be an unreasonable law. Some of the advantages of this law are, that as properties are held in *trust* for the Church, and not as personal property, they must in every contingency be more secure. As the title of Bishop of Chicago and his successors is recognised by the laws of the State by virtue of this act, properties, willed to the Bishop of Chicago for charitable purposes, can be legally recovered, and applied to their destined uses. This could not otherwise have been done, unless such bequests were made to the Bishop in his

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individual capacity, and not as Bishop of Chicago; and, therefore, his relatives might, in case of his sudden death, have deprived the Church of its rights, and the poor of the charities intended for them.

Bishop Quarter had now a charter for his new College, and he wished next to establish an Ecclesiastical Seminary, in which he might educate young men for the holy ministry, in order to supply the wants of his diocese. Great was the dearth of clergymen in it, and all his energies were applied to remove this very serious obstacle to his progress. There was, however, a very great bar in the way of the accomplishment of this his purpose and that was the lack of means to erect the buildings. With a view to procure this means, he left Chicago for New York, early in the April of 1845. He was absent about four months, and during that time he collected a large sum of money, which enabled him to commence the erection of the building. On the 17th of October the foundation of the College and Seminary was begun; so rapidly did the work progress, that on the 22d of November they were under roof.

The amount of money that he had collected in the diocese of New York, was not sufficient to enable him to complete these buildings; and, in order to do this, his pastoral of 1846 was directed to his faithful clergymen, directing them to assist him in his undertaking. He says:

"Although our holy religion advances daily and steadily, under the protecting care of Divine Providence, and although

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the number of the clergy has been considerably increased within the last two years, still are there several congregations in the Diocese, deprived the whole year round of the consolations of their Religion. There are many who have not the happiness to assist even once in the twelve months at the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass; and numbers die annually without receiving the last rites of the Church, especially in those months when sickness is most prevalent in these Western States, and all this because the clergymen are not as yet sufficiently numerous in this diocese to have one stationed in each congregation. Another melancholy evil arising also from the scarcity of clergymen, is, that the children of Catholic parents, in various sections of the State, are suffered to grow up without any religious instruction. If the present, in their regard, be painful to reflect upon, the future presents a dismal and a dreary aspect.

"It is not necessary that I make here reflections. The naked facts cannot fail to touch every Christian heart. They who have always enjoyed the consolations of their holy religion, and who never experienced the agony occasioned by the absence of a priest, especially when sickness, disease and death were near, or had already smitten some of their friends or family, cannot, perhaps, fully appreciate the sad and forlorn condition of those around whom all those miseries have gathered. Still, they cannot be so hardened as not to sympathize with their afflicted brethren. They who have already tasted of this cup of sorrows, know too well its bitterness to need a word of explanation.

"Are those evils to remain, or shall no effort be made to remove them? Will no effort be made to send to our brethren that are far away from their father's house, and toiling in bondage, an adviser,—a consoler,—yea, a deliverer? Will no effort be made to secure a pious, a disinterested, a zealous clergy, who may go to the exile in his lone hut, in his solitary and desert home, with words of peace on their lips and blessings in their train, to offer the Adorable Mysteries, to administer the Sacraments, and to instruct in the ways of Salvation? To

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enable the Bishop to send missionaries where they are most needed, will not the faithful generously co-operate and assist with their means? Can any alms be better bestowed than those which are given to have the poor relieved, the sick visited, the afflicted and sorrowing, soothed and consoled, the ignorant instructed, and the seeds of virtue planted in the youthful breast? Can any alms be more meritorious than those which tend to preserve the soul from eternal ruin? Without the charitable co-operation of the faithful throughout the Diocese, little, comparatively, can be done by the Bishop; with it, much can be effected. Were every adult Catholic in the Diocese, or even every head of a family, to contribute but *one dollar* annually towards the support of the Diocesan Ecclesiastical Seminary, that has been in existence about two years, soon could missionaries be sent to every congregation in the Diocese. As yet, however, the Catholics of the Diocese have contributed but little towards the support of this Ecclesiastical Seminary. They are now requested to be more considerate hereafter. They are emphatically requested to turn their attention and to direct their charitable donations to an Institution where the future priests of the Diocese are being, and are to be, educated, and from whence many have already gone forth to labour in the vineyard of the Lord. The Ecclesiastical Seminary of the Diocese has to depend for support on the voluntary contributions of the faithful. To it, in their turn, are the faithful to look, both now and hereafter, for a supply of zealous missionaries. Will they refuse then their fostering care? Will they deny to it support, and still expect to have clergymen sent to them when they are in need?"

Addressing each of his clergymen separately, he entreats them to use their utmost exertions in behalf of the new Seminary in order to sustain it. He says:

"To you, Rev. and Dear Sir, do I confidently and unhesitatingly entrust the task of explaining more fully to your

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people, the vast importance to Religion of contributing towards the support of our Ecclesiastical Seminary,—you know the wants of the people—you have discovered how fast irreligion is spreading, where religious instruction is not imparted—you have heard, with aching heart, the GOD OF HEAVEN blasphemed —you have witnessed with sorrow the contempt shown for the sacred institutions of Christ—you have seen with hrror and dismay, the blood of Calvary that was shed for the redemption of the world, impiously trodden under foot—your remonstrances might have been fruitless, and you could only pray in the words of your Divine Master: 'O Heavenly Father, forgive them, for *they know not what they do;*'—you have seen Christians transgress against all the commandments of God, and of his Holy Church, and indulge in crimes, from the commission of which, even Pagans would recoil—you discovered that the sacraments, the channels through which the Grace of God was to be communicated to the souls of Christians, were neglected, and that the Sinner, hardened in guilt, would rather suffer his immortal soul to perish eternally, than forsake the evil of his ways. At the sight of these evils your soul melted in anguish, and you desired and prayed that you might behold, in the midst of this erring people, an Apostolic Priesthood, who by their pious, assiduous, and disinterested labours, might reclaim them again to God, and give them back sightly plants to the vineyard of his Holy Church; you have experienced, moreover, how great are the toils, how many the privations, and how few the earthly consolations of our small but very zealous body of Clergymen; you felt that an increase of numbers was much needed, needed to aid and assist those already engaged in the toilsome labours of the missions, that their valuable lives may not be shortened by over-exertion, and that the vineyard of the Lord may be cultivated properly, and in every part, that for heaven may be reaped hereafter a rich harvest of those souls for whose salvation Christ shed his precious blood.

"Because of these motives, you will concur, and heartily aid in the success of this holy work.

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"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.

"†WILLIAM, Bishop of Chicago.

"Given at Chicago, Feast of St. Francis Xaverius, Dec. 4, 1846."

These eloquent appeals never failed to find an echo in their hearts; for so did this body of clergymen love their Bishop, that it was enough for them to know what was his will or wish, in order to set about gratifying it.

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CHAPTER V.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SECOND YEAR OF HIS EPISCOPACY UNTIL HIS DEATH. 1845—1848.

During the first year of his mission that was now passed, he had surmounted all the difficulties that threatened his outset. His Cathedral was finished and paid for; his College and Seminary were in progress; he had supplied with pastors many missions hitherto deprived of the consolation of religion; and although he came to a Diocese almost stripped of clergymen, he had now a goodly array with which to battle against the powers of darkness. He had ordained seven young men, and occasionally an American or an Irish or a German priest would find his way to this far-out corner of the Church, adding to his numbers and his strength.

As the clergymen who could minister to the spiritual wants of the people increased, so did the numbers of the people increase. Catholics began now to pour in from other and distant states and countries; and St. Mary's Church was already too small to contain all the worshippers that came up to bow their hearts and bend their knees before her holy altar. A new church was required to accommodate them, and on the 10th of March, 1846, the frame of St. Patrick's Church, on the west side of the Chicago River, was erected by the Very Rev. Walter Quarter, who was the first pastor of it.

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In the same month was commenced the erection of two Catholic German churches, one on the north side and the other on the south side of the main river.

Immediately after the return of the Bishop from the Provincial Council of Baltimore, which was held in this year, he opened his new Seminary. He had at the same time the satisfaction of witnessing the completion of the first monument of his enterprise. The last touch of the painter's brush had been given to his new University, and on the fourth of July it was opened with appropriate ceremonies for the reception of pupils.

Its career commenced with two professors and two teachers, and sixteen pupils. It gradually progressed until he had the happiness, even during his life, of witnessing the success of his undertaking, of seeing the "sapling become the oak tree"—and now there are eleven professors employed by the University, four tutors, and the number of pupils is 125.

The course of instruction is as extensive as is given in the best Colleges in the United States, and some of the departments are more practical than are to be found elsewhere, while the college-fee is only 150 dollars per annum.

The location is a beautiful and healthy one, just on the borders of Lake Michigan; and the ample grounds and the extensive meadows in the vicinity afford students ample opportunity of enjoying healthful exercise and abundant recreation in the

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free, open air—while the College itself, though situated within the city limits, is far enough removed from the business-part to make it favourable to the pursuits of study.

He had now completed his College, his Seminary, the two Catholic English churches of St. Mary's and St. Patrick's, the two Catholic German churches of St. Peter and St. Joseph in the city, and the diocese was in a flourishing condition. But there was yet a want unsupplied. The male youths of the congregation were furnished with good schools and proper facilities for receiving instruction; the female portion had as yet no such facilities. But if they were unprovided, it was not because he did not feel the necessity of such provision, but because it could not possibly have been sooner made.

No man living was more deeply impressed with the necessity of a proper training for the female youth than Bishop Quarter. He knew that to them, as mothers, wives and daughters, would in a great measure be entrusted the character of his people. He knew that the society in which they might mingle, would bear the character they would stamp upon it, and that by his mother would the man be marked for weal or wo. It is true that those female children whose parents could watch over them, might fulfil their expectations; but what would have become of the female poor, whose parents, in their hard struggle for bread, had no time to devote to them, and could not provide them with instructors? How could these ever hope to

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rise above their low condition, or how could they pass the fiery ordeal unscathed, when the myriads of temptations, to which a life of poverty and destitution exposes them, were around them like harpies? How would they escape, when unprotected by proper religious instructions which would serve as their safeguards?

Though there are schools for the poor, with well-paid teachers fattening on the spoils wrung from the people in the way of taxation yet experience has demonstrated beyond the possibility of contradiction, that the morals of the poor who frequent these schools are not improved. Indeed, improvement under the head of morals should not be expected from them.—How can teachers in the world, pursuing a wordly life, root out the seeds of vice and impiety sown, deeply sown, amid the haunts of intemperance and impurity? They cannot reach the disorder, for they are not clothed with the sanctity that will permit them to probe to the bottom the festering wounds that are gangrening upon the face of society, and, therefore, they cannot apply the remedy; but the Catholic Church, the mother of the unfortunate, has within her pale, communities of men and women who have no worldly aims in view, and who devote themselves to this sacrifice of love: the bringing back into the fold the strayed sheep of the flock, and sending them forth again, that their example may improve their associates, and make them better.

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In order then to supply this want—to procure a community of female religious, who would instruct and educate the female children, Bishop Quarter applied to Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburg, from whom he received a branch of the order of the Sisters of Mercy, established in that city. On the 23d of September, five members of the order of Mercy, accompanied by their superioress, Sister Mary, Francis Ward and Very Rev. Walter Quarter, who had been commissioned by the Bishop to conduct them, reached Chicago.—They were Sisters Mary Agatha O'Brien, the superioress of the New Foundation, Mary Vincent McGirr, Mary Gertrude McGuire, Mary Eliza Corbitt, and Mary Eva Smidt. This small community entered at once upon their mission of Mercy, dispensing the rich stores of earthly acquirements they had gained in the world, and of unearthly riches they had amassed while clothed with the habiliments of their new vocation.

As an instance of the regard for the happiness of all around him, and the total absence of all considerations for self, it will not be out of place to here observe, that on the day on which the Sisters arrived, the Bishop conducted them around the church, and the building that was to be their convent. This was a low one-story house, neither very convenient nor of very captivating appearance, but it was the best he had to offer them. It had been his own residence, and poor as it was, it was a palace compared with the one to which he himself removed,

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when he resigned it to them for their convent. Could you have seen him as he passed that round, watching to catch but one expression of satisfaction upon the countenances of the Sisters, you would have pitied him had it not been given. That night he did not retire at all: his anxiety banished sleep from his eyelids; for he feared that they might be disappointed at not finding things in better order for their coming. Next morning, however, while seated conversing with their superioress, he heard in their community-room the joyous laugh, which could come only from the contented heart: clasping his hands as he rose from his seat, he exclaimed: "Now indeed I am satisfied; that laugh could not have come from the dissatisfied."

Dear Bishop Quarter, could there have been one around thee that had witnessed thy self-denial,—thy willing poverty, for Christ's sake,—thy patience, thy meekness, thy anxious efforts in behalf of the people committed to thy charge, and have been unwilling to have divided with thee the dry bread that was at times thy only sustenance—that would not have been willing to have shared with thee a poverty that left thee but *one dime* to be called thy own, on that day when God summoned thee to himself?

The schools of the Sisters of Mercy were at once opened, and well attended; and already the good effects of the wise policy of Bishop Quarter are beginning to be experienced. Who can estimate the incalculable benefits that will result from this

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policy in days and years yet to come? God only.

Having now the household of his Diocese in order, he summoned a Diocesan Synod of his clergymen: of these, thirty-two were present and nine absent in consequence of ill health, or bad roads.—This Synod met in Chicago, in the April of this year, and with his assistance formed the Statutes of the Diocese. Forty-one clergymen already in this new Diocese! How must Bishop Quarter have laboured, to have gathered around him so many disciples, worthy disciples of the fishermen of Galilee!—men of every country and clime, come hither to dispense the glad tidings of salvation,—sending up like incense to the throne of heaven, the praises of their Creator,—and raising loudly their voices amid the late solemn silence of the wilderness, or by the side of the streams that had hitherto hymned up their everlasting anthems unchorussed by the voice of mortal man!

The convent of the Sisters of Mercy was now too small for the accommodation of the numbers that flocked to their schools, and he therefore commenced and completed, during this the last year of his life, the large and convenient building at present occupied by the Sisters of Mercy as their Convent and Academy. It was incorporated by the legislature in 1846, and possesses a most ample charter. The building is located in the most beautiful and healthy part of the city, and but one square removed from the beach. In front of it stretches away, as far

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as the eye can reach, the waters of the beautiful Lake Michigan.

The course of instruction is the same as that given in the best female schools in the country. Ten Sisters are constantly engaged in this Academy. The foundation was begun with five Sisters: there are now sixteen members in the community, and seven applicants who will be received very shortly. Scarce has two years elapsed from the time this little colony was sent out by the Bishop of Pittsburg, until it had reached the maturity of many old foundations. Upwards of two hundred pupils attend the schools of the Sisters of Mercy in Chicago.

On the 11th of November the Theological Conferences were established by Bishop Quarter, first in America. These Conferences are held twice a year, at Chicago, Alton, and Galena. All the clergymen in the Diocese assemble at them, and are questioned on certain tracts of Theology designated by the Master of the Conference. Questions appertaining to the holy calling and ministerial duties of the Clergymen—regarding the Rubrics of the Roman Missal and the Statutes of the Diocese—are discussed at these Conferences. The advantages derived from them are, that they keep the doctrines of the Church, and the proofs, fresh in the minds of the teachers of the people: so that at any moment they may be prepared to give a reason for the truth of their teachings. The establishment of these "Conferences" showed alike his energy and judgment in providing for the welfare of the Church.

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He eagerly encouraged every means that might enhance the spiritual welfare of every member of his flock, and with this view he directed the Sisters of Mercy to establish a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, by means of which the female children might be gathered together, in order to instruct them in their religious duties more thoroughly than could be done otherwise; and in his last pastoral, from which I have already quoted, he urged upon his clergymen the advantages of establishing Sodalities of the same kind in their congregations, where such had not been as yet done. He says:

"We earnestly recommend the clergy to establish in their congregations, if they have not already done so, 'the Confraternity of the Rosary,' or of 'the Immaculate Heart of Mary;' and we as strongly recommend to the faithful to become members, and to endeavor to partake of the spiritual benefits and privileges granted to those societies. Let parents urge their children also to join those religious societies, and soon will they discover the happy results, in their obedience, gentleness, tractableness, and faithful attention to their Christian duties."

For the same purpose, he directed the instructors in the Academy of St. Joseph, to form among the male children of the Academy a St. Joseph's Society:

"The exalted virtues of St. Joseph, and the dignified privileges he obtained, not only convince us 'how wonderful is God in his Saints,' but demand from us a relative devotion due to so faithful a servant. And if our Heavenly Father has elected him to watch over the tender years of His Divine Son, and to be his protector; and if He has placed under his patronage and guardianship, the Blessed Virgin, mother of the same Divine Redeemer how pleased must not be this Heavenly Father to see us, his 'little ones', place ourselves under his protection and patronage.

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The end then of this 'Society' is, that the members cultivate the devotion due to St. Joseph; invoke his intercession, and regulate their lives in such a way, as that they may be worthy to adopt him as their Patron. In order the more fully to attain this end, the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, styled 'full of grace,' is particularly recommended. Another end of this 'Society' is, to collect together at convenient times the pupils of the 'Academy,' and such boys and adults as frequent the Sunday School kept there, that instructions may be given them in the principles of the Religion they profess, and in the doctrines of morality they are bound to practise."

I have said, that he laboured for the spiritual welfare of all his people. He laboured also for their temporal welfare, and particularly for that of his Irish fellow-citizens. His heart clung fondly, O, how fondly! to the memories of the past. The associations of his young years were woven round that heart, which yearned with the tenderest regard towards the poor and persecuted exiles, that sought beneath this happier clime a home and a resting-place. He laboured earnestly and zealously to improve their condition in this country of their adoption, in order to make them worthy the glorious privileges they here enjoyed. He saw them, having escaped the blood-hounds of power, met as they landed upon the shores of the New World, by the harpies that watched for them. He knew the feelings of their generous hearts, and that they had learned at home to love America, her institutions, amd her people: but I say he saw them met, as they landed, by the sharpers, and plundered by them of the little left them; and where they had hoped for

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succor, they were beggared in the moment of their confidence, and thrown pennyless in a strangers' land upon the cold charity of the world.

Such was the fate from which Bishop Quarter wished to save this people. He wished to see them no longer the tools of the designing;—he wished to see them stand forth among their fellow freemen in the majesty of their nature, asserting the old dignity of which ages of oppression had not altogether deprived them: and therefore he originated the Chicago Hibernian Benevolent Emigrant Society. This association was gotten up to bid the stranger welcome to his new home—to guard him from imposition—to advise and to direct him—to furnish him with timely charity, if need be. The advantages which the immigrant derives from such associations are known only to those who may have been benefited by them, and many an one will now be found to bless the memory of Bishop Quarter for benefits derived from this Chicago Society.

During Lent he was engaged in delivering a series of Lectures upon the marks of the True Church.—On Passion Sunday he lectured at last mass in the Cathedral on her Apostolicity, and while he, the apostle of this young church, stood in that pulpit, making, as it were, his own profession of faith; as the burning words fell from his lips, who could have imagined the catastrophe that was impending?

On leaving the pulpit, he felt very much fatigued; and at vespers, his voice, as he gave his *last* blessing

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to his people, was remarked to want its usual full tone; but in the evening he conversed with his friends, in as lively a manner as usual. He ate a light supper, and retired early, remarking, however, to Rev. Mr. McElhearne, who resided in the house with him, that he did not feel as well as usual; but that he thought sleep would revive him.

About 2 o'clock in the morning of the tenth of April, Mr. McElhearne was awakened by his moans, and hurrying instantly to the Bishop's apartment, found him seated on the edge of his bed.—He complained of a very severe pain in his head. Rapidly his strength seemed failing, and with a prudence worthy of imitation, this zealous young clergymen proceeded, having sent for medical aid, to administer to his Bishop all those consolations which the Church affords to her departing children.

Scarce had this duty been accomplished, when, having uttered the words, "Lord have mercy on my poor soul," the Bishop fell over into a deep slumber. —So thought those around him: but alas! it was a sleep that knew no awakening!

When I entered his room, his devoted clergymen of the city were around him; and though no relative was there to receive his last sigh, there were those beside him who loved him dearly, very dearly. Not a word was spoken as I passed to the bed side. The dear Bishop lay as if in a quiet slumber. I reached for his arm; explored the wrist for the pulse; but there was no pulse, and the cold hand dropped from my grasp. I placed my ear upon the

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chest, to ascertain whether life might not be yet standing, tottering upon the threshold of eternity: but I listened in vain. The spirit had departed from its earthly tenement—had shaken off its mortal shackles—had passed the bourne: and that lately warm and noble heart had ceased its pulsations forever!—the tongue that pleaded so eloquently for the truths he taught, would plead no more.

I knew that for him life's volume was closed, but how could I speak that knowledge? What a scene of woe would one simple word disclose! Oh how truly is it, that to us is given the power to cause the blush of hope to mantle the pale cheek, or to speak the words that will make it paler still! and how painfully did I feel this as I turned from that bed and whispered the word, "Dead!"—and ere my startled ear recovered from the shock that whisper made on silence, it was re-echoed amid the tears and the lamentations even of those without! He was dead! Yes, there he lay calmly and quietly, as in sweet repose. His spirit had passed away like the zephyr's breath, and there was a lingering smile upon his cold lip, that told how happily.

In less than an hour the news of his death had spread over the whole city, and in the evidences of deep regret and consternation in the face of each passer-by, you might have read the sorrow and the surprise that were so general. The people began to crowd around his residence at an early hour, to obtain a look of all that was left of their Bishop.

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Dressed in full pontificals, his remains were exposed in his residence until 2 o'clock of the second day after his death. Here they were visited by all his flock, and by every respectable and liberal protestant in the city; also by some of the protestant clergymen, which mark of respect, while it showed the regard in which the Bishop was universally held, did honour to their hearts, testifying, for them, that difference in belief had not smothered Christian charity. So great was the crowd of persons who thus visited his remains, that two days were occupied in allowing them to see him by turns.

At two o'clock on the 12th, his body was removed to his Cathedral, where it remained in state, upon the *Catafalque* erected for the purpose of supporting it. It was placed immediately without the sanctuary, and in front of the altar. Upon the coffin were deposited the insignia of his office. The widowed Church had on her robes of mourning.

During the time that the body remained thus exposed, masses were being offered up for the repose of his soul, or the solemn office for the dead was being chanted within the sanctuary. At the solemn high mass of each day the full-toned organ poured forth the Requiem, adding yet deeper solemnity to the warning which the example before us gave: Prepare and keep your houses ready, for you know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh!

At 3 o'clock on Friday, the Feast of the Seven Dolors, the funeral ceremonies commenced. The

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church was crowded to suffocation at an early hour, and multitudes were unable to enter at all; so great was the desire to witness the last sad rites that she pays to those who have been the shepherds of her sheepfold. The office for the dead was chanted by the large body of his faithful clergymen, who had gathered in from their different parishes, to pay their last duties to the remains of their Bishop, whom they so dearly loved. When the office was concluded, Rev. Mr. Feely, then of Peoria, now of Elgin, pronounced an eloquent funeral oration, recalling vividly to the minds of all, the character and virtues of the deceased prelate.

At half past four o'clock, the procession formed to conduct the body to its resting-place. First came the clergymen and ecclesiastical students—then the body, borne by six priests—then the students of the University—then the pupils of the Academy of St. Francis Xavier—then followed the people of all denominations, sexes, and sizes. It passed out of the church; wound round to the rear, where a tomb had been prepared for it beneath the sanctuary, and in front of the altar which himself had reared. The ceremony was orderly and imposing. And when the clergymen in their white surplices, with lighted candles in their hands, and the beautiful little children of the Academy, dressed in white, reminding one of guardian angels, watching to protect us, stood with lighted candles in their hands around the tomb, while the body was being committed to its kindred earth, the effect was beyond

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description. All was as still as the grave itself, and each eye was entranced, as if some vision from a better world had suddenly disclosed itself; until the sound of the coffin touching the bottom of the vault re-echoed through the chamber: then, while stifled sobs and groans were heard amid the tears that chased each other down the cheek of childhood and youth—over the pale face of beauty—the sun-burnt visage of manhood and the wrinkled front of age—the vision around that tomb faded away!

The ceremonies were ended, the vault was closed, and the seal was placed upon its entrance, guarding the remains of the great and the good man who reposes there in the hope of resurrection, until the archangel shall sound the trumpet, calling up the dead to judgment. Then will we meet again: —He, the Pastor who taught us our duty to our God, our country, and our race; and we, the people who will be obliged to answer for the manner in which we have practised his teaching. It will then be well for us, if we have followed and profited by his example.

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CHAPTER VI.

REVIEW OF HIS LABOURS; HIS CHARACTER.—CONCLUSION.

Thus died Bishop Quarter, in the prime of his life, and at the very threshold of his usefulness. Yet short as was his career, it was brilliant almost beyond example.—His life was not undisturbed by storms, but in their midst he heard a voice that the world does not hear, and his frail bark was guided by a hand more powerful than the mightiest ocean surge.

Amid all his trials, he kept steadily in view the great object of his mission; and when he expounded that holy book to the weary and the heavily burdened; when he spoke of the healing of the blind, the lame, the palsied, the leper, and the beggar; when he repeated the sentence of the pardon of God the Father to the woman stained with shame; and when he told that upon the cross the malefactor, in his last hour, obtained the forgiveness of Christ; when he spoke of the ministry of God, the Son, upon earth, who from his birth to his death shared the griefs and sorrows of our life, sweetly compassionating our woes, and pleading with his heavenly Father for our redemption; could you, dear reader, have seen him then, with his sparkling eyes upturned to heaven, with that wistful gaze of hopeful reverence pleading for pardon for his people in the earnestness

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of his heart, you could not doubt the result of such a mission.

Great was the loss sustained by the city and the Diocese, indeed by the whole Church, in his death. Many of his purposes were for a time retarded. Already had arrangements been made by him for adding to the spacious building of the University, another one of brick, double the size of the present one. The Convent and Academy of the Sisters of Mercy was to have been increased to double its present dimensions. The ground was laid out for the erection of a Charity Hospital, and for an Orphan Asylum, and the contract had been entered into for publishing a Catholic newspaper in this city. These were all suspended at once; for the master-spirit was gone!

A new foundation of the Sisters of Mercy in Galena was projected by him, and the necessary building purchased. This plan of his, as well as every other one possible under the circumstances, was carried out by his worthy brother, the Administrator of the diocese, and on the 28th of May, six Sisters departed for this mission.

The day after his death, the following eloquent tribute to his memory, from the pen of a cherished Protestant friend, S. Lisle Smith, esq., appeared in the Chicago Journal:

On Monday morning, at 3 o'clock, WILLIAM QUARTER, Bishop of Chicago, yielded up his spirit to his Maker. On the preceding beautiful Sabbath morning, this faithful servant of God stood in the house consecrated to the worship of the Most

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High, and there, before his beloved people, fervently proclaimed the oracles of life.

Scarce had that Sabbath sun gilded with its rays the evening cloud, ere his ransomed spirit joined in the melody of the heavenly choir.

To-day, the wise, the gifted, the beloved pastor, is leading his flock beside the still waters of Salvation;—to-morrow, the eloquent voice is still—the beaming eye is closed—the generous heart no longer pulsates, and all that remains of him, on earth, is the cold and senseless corpse.

Truly the ways of Providence are inscrutable.—Truly,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

In the midst of extensive usefulness—in the midst of a congregation, by whom he was beloved—in the midst of a community, by whom he was respected—in the very prime of a mature and active manhood, a true—a sincere—a devoted Christian, is, almost without a moment's warning, called away to his Father's House. Surely this dispensation of an all-wise Providence, should not fall listelessly upon our ears.

It is not our purpose (for we cannot obtain the materials) to write an extended obituary of this truly good, and eminently distinguished man. Other, and abler pens than ours, will, doubtless, prepare an account of his useful life, and others will do ample justice, to those virtues and graces which adorned his simple, but lovely character.

It was however our good fortune to have become acquainted with Bishop Quarter soon after his arrival in Chicago, and we esteem it now a most fortunate circumstance, that we enjoyed frequent opportunities of improving that acquaintance.

By nature, Bishop Quarter was endowed with talents of a high order; and laboriously had the natural powers of his mind been cultivated by unremitting industry. Strong and decided in the advocacy of his own religious opinions, he was always tolerant of the opinions of others. *Charity* seemed to be the ruling trait of his character.

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In all his tastes and habits, he was simple. Enterprising and perservering, he was diligently employed in advancing the interests of the Church of which he was a bright ornament, and in beautifying and adorning our city, by the erection of Schools, and Colleges, and Cathedrals. He was an enthusiastic friend of education, and proved his devotion, by contributing his own small private fortune to the advancement of that noble cause.

As a divine, he was learned, logical and profound; as a scholar, he was ripe and matured; as a friend, he was true and unselfish; as a Christian, he was faithful, humble, and sincere.

In the social circle, he was beloved by all who knew him. In his public sphere of duty, he was universally admired and respected. Enemies he had none; for his kind and gentle spirit disarmed opposers, and converted them into warm and devoted friends.

Such a man's departure to another sphere, is a great calamity. Who can supply his place? Who can in so short a sojourn in a land of strangers, again make so many true and sincere friends?

But he is gone—gone to his great reward. Peace to his ashes. Honour to his memory!

But who will break the tidings to that aged father, whose hoary locks have long been ripening for the grave? Who shall comfort that bereaved sister, and that afflicted brother? Alas! our pen is arrested.—Our hearts are full. * * * * *

"Many die as sudden—not as safe."

The remains of Bishop Quarter lie beneath the Sanctuary, in front of the Altar of his Cathedral. They are enclosed in a vault purposely erected for their reception. The body was embalmed by the writer of this memoir. It is enclosed in three coffins: the inner one is of black walnut, with a silver cross upon it bearing the following inscription:

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"Rt. Rev. William Quarter, D. D., First Bishop of Chicago. Consecrated March 10th, 1844: Died April 10th, 1848. Requiescat in Pace."

The vault is built of brick, and lined with water-proof cement. Upon the top of it, and even with the floor of the Cathedral, is placed a beautiful white marble cross, about six feet long. Upon the top part of this cross is engraved in bas-relief the Bible and the Missal surrounded with a halo of glory. Resting upon these are the Cross and the Crosier and the Mitre, and underneath the whole, and joined by a band in the centre, are two laurel wreaths, which extend round the design so as to embrace three parts of it. On the horizontal part of the cross is engraved in raised Roman letters the following inscription:

"Rt. Rev. William Quarter, D. D., First Bishop of Chicago. Conscrated March 10th, 1844: died April 10th, 1848: aged 42 years."

On the lower end is engraved in sunk letters the following: "Requiescat in Pace."

At the head of the cross, and in the step of the altar, is a marble step, about two feet four inches long, on the rises of which is a scroll bearing the following inscription:

"Pretiosa in Consepectu Domini, mors sanctorum ejus."

The regard of the congregation of St. Mary's for their Bishop is evinced in their liberality, which has erected a beautiful Cenotaph to his memory.

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To this work the protestants of the city contributed generously, and of their number Miss Mary A. Merritt, a young poetess of rare gifts, has given a volume of her beautiful poems, the proceeds of the sale of which are to be added to the contributions already given. It is built after the style of similar monuments in the churches of Europe. It stands in the south wall of the Cathedral, within about two feet of the south altar, and is seven feet four inches high, by four feet three inches wide, projecting eight inches from the face of the wall. The whole stands upon two ogee trusses placed about four feet from the floor. Resting on these is a small projecting base, upon which stands two plain pilasters, surmounted by plain caps and a plain Roman arch, the faces of which are on a level with the wall forming the inner recess. Upon this arch is engraved in bold Roman letters:

"Gloria in excelsis Deo."

In the rear of the arch and of the pilasters, and constituting the recess, stands the back plate, upon which is engraved in bold bas-relief—the Bible, the Missal, the halo of glory, the Cross, the Crosier, the Mitre, and the laurel wreath, as before described. This recess is twenty-one inches wide, and four feet eight inches in height. Outside of the foregoing work are the wall plates, slightly Gothic on the top.

These plates rest upon the outer end of the base before mentioned, projecting two and a half inches from the wall. Against these and the plain pilasters stand a pair of pilasters projecting outwards about

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six inches, under and upon which are Grecian bases and capitals. The principal mouldings on the caps are ornamented with cornice-leaf engravings, and upon the outside pilasters is sculptured an inverted flambeau in bold bas-relief, and ornamented. These pilasters and caps are surmounted by a Roman arch and key-stone. The principal moulding on the arch is ornamented with cornice-leaf engravings.

Between the outside pilasters and resting upon the base stands the Sarcophagus, the height of which is three feet four inches, and the width three feet five inches. The mouldings on the caps are ornamented with leaf-engravings. On the face of the Sarcophagus is sculptured heavy folds of drapery, under and between which is engraved in raised Roman capitals, the following inscription:

"Rt. Rev. William Quarter, D. D., First Bishop of Chicago."

On the top of the Sarcophagus stands a richly ornamented Urn, fifteen inches high; the whole presenting a most beautiful and striking appearance as you approach the altar from the door of the church.

All this work, which does credit as well to the skill of the workmen as to the city in which it was done, was manufactured at the shop of A. S. Sherman, out of the finest American marble.

Feebly, however, does this monument speak the feelings of the hearts of those who placed it there; still it speaks in language not to be mistaken: and

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while one Catholic of those that loved him whose memory it perpetuates, comes to bow before St. Mary's Altar, as his eye rests upon that marble tribute, he will offer up to God his earnest supplications for the happy repose of the soul of Bishop Quarter.

In reviewing his brief but brilliant career, every one will be astonished at the vast amount of labour performed by him in so short a time. The condition of the diocese on his arrival has been already noticed. Its condition immediately before his death, and his determination to improve it farther, is thus described in his last pastoral address:

"The great increase in the number of the Catholic population of this city may be inferred from the following facts: In the year 1844, when we took possession of this *See*, there was only one Catholic church in the city of Chicago. There are now *four*, together with the chapel of "the Holy Name of Jesus," attached to "the University of St. Mary of the Lake." This one Catholic church, then under roof, but not finished, accommodated all the Catholics on Sundays. The German Catholics, the Irish and American Catholics, assembled within its walls to assist at the divine mysteries, and were not pressed for room. The German Catholic churches of *St. Peter* and *St. Joseph* have since been built; the Catholic church of *St. Patrick* also, which has lately been enlarged by an addition capable of containing as many as the original edifice. The University of St. Mary of the Lake has been built within that time, to which is attached the chapel of the Holy Name of Jesus; as also the Convent of "the Sisters of Mercy," which has its domestic chapel. Now, all those places, set apart for the worship of God, and for the celebration of the august sacrifice of the Mass, are crowded every Sunday to overflowing with Catholics. What stronger proof is needed of the great

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and rapid increase of Catholics in this city? But not only in Chicago, but throughout the diocese, is the increase of Catholics apparent. Within the last few years, Catholics have purchased here Congress and other lands to a large amount; and in various parts of the State of Illinois are townships owned chiefly by Catholics.—Immigration from Ireland, from Canada, and from Catholic portions of Germany, has contributed much to this result; nor is there, to all appearance, any likelihood that the numbers of such immigrants will be diminished this year, or for years to come. Indeed, the calculation is, that there will be a larger immigration of Catholics to this State the present year, than any preceding one.

"There is no privation so keenly felt by the Catholic emigrant, as the want of a Catholic church, and the absence of a Catholic priest from the place where they fix their abode, in a new and to them strange country. We shall use our best efforts that they experience no such privations. We shall endeavour that they have, everywhere in the diocese, the consolations of their holy religion."

During the period of his episcopacy he ordained twenty-nine priests; built thirty churches, ten of which were either of brick or of stone. He began his labours with six clergymen in his diocese, and not one ecclesiastical student; he left it with fifty-three clergymen and twenty ecclesiastical students. And on all the improvements made by him in Chicago, there was *not due one cent of debt!*

What Catholic can look upon this young Diocese without exultation? Here in these wilds, where, but a brief period since, the savage yelled his startling war-whoop;—where curled up the smoke of his council fire;—where he honoured the Manitou with human sacrifices and the war-dance;—is now hymned

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the praises of the God of the Savage and the Christian,—is reared the altar upon which the pure holocaust is daily offered up, and far above the tall prairie grass, and resting upon the horizon, is the emblem of man's redemption, the sign to the way-worn traveller that civilization is at hand;—the sign to the pilgrim, wearied on his journey towards the grave, that the haven where he may rest is hard by.

And here through these wilds passed this messenger of truth on his episcopal visitations which were yearly made, bearing the glad tidings of salvation to his people;—proclaiming the precepts of the Gospel and Christ, and breaking the bread of life to those hungering by the way side;—building churches, establishing missions, and placing over them zealous pastors who might labour for that people's good.

It is true that he experienced much difficulty in so establishing many of these missions, as that his priests might be enabled to obtain from them a bare subsistence.—In many places the settlements were thinly populated; the settlers but recently arrived, and with means so scanty as barely to enable them to provide for the immediate wants of their little families, and therefore unable, no matter what their desire, to contribute any thing considerable for religious purposes. Still he struggled on, and God blessed his perseverance.

He himself set the example which that faithful priesthood followed; and though their support was bare indeed, they complained not, but cheerfully laboured in poverty and in privations, while they

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knew that the condition of their Bishop was no better than their own.

The settlement of Bishop Quarter reminds us of a husbandman going upon a new and uncultivated farm, with very limited resources and a full-grown family, and where there is no dwelling and but a few implements of husbandry. There is stir and bustle and confusion and effort, to build here,—to clear there,—to plant in another place. By and by the farm-house will be reared, the farm in a high state of cultivation, and well stocked; the fields will soon contribute their rich and abundant harvest, the family will quietly enjoy the fruits of their former industry, and comfort and happiness will reign around the mansion. If the thought that he may not live to reap the fruits of his toil should flit across the father's mind, he does not on that account relax his efforts; but he labours on for his children's sake; for his posterity. In imagination he sees them dwelling amid plenty, when his resting place is in the wet earth beneath the green sod.

The people were the children of Bishop Quarter; and though he might not live to gather the rich harvest from the seed he had sown, he yet did not cease to scatter that seed with a full hand; but he saw his children happy and enjoying the full benefits of their holy faith, their children growing up in virtue and innocence;—the fruit watered copiously by the stream "flowing fast by the oracle of God," and he saw too the angels gathering up the immense

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ears of the ripened grain, and storing them away in the granaries of heaven.

He heeded not the toil nor the labour. The glory of God and the salvation of souls urged him onward, and for these great ends "he travelled by day and by night, in the wintery cold and under the scorching rays of the summer's sun, exposed to the dangers of the swollen river, of the storms and of the rain, and cheerfully partook of the humblest fare, glad to repose his wearied frame upon the floor of the poor man's hut." And as an instance of how faithfully he discharged every duty belonging to his ministry, I may observe, that during the last winter of his life he said mass every morning in the Convent for the Sisters of Mercy; and no matter how pleasant or unpleasant it might be, the hour of five o'clock found him at the altar offering up the holy sacrifice.

He was, without being rash, a naturally courageous, even a fearless man. After the destruction of the Convent at Charlestown by a band of midnight incendiaries, mobs became the order of the day; even New York was threatened with their *pious* efforts to demolish popish temples—with a repetition of scenes that have stained the escutcheon of Massachusetts forever; and while one of these popular gatherings was tossed and heaving like an angry sea beneath the windows of his residence, preparing to destroy the church opposite to him, he was seated in his study, writing his charity sermon to be delivered for the benefit of the Eastern Dis-

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pensary, a Protestant institution; and when Rev. Mr. Danaher, his assistant, entering his room and finding him thus occupied, expressed his astonishment at so much calmness and composure, while all around was commotion and confusion, Mr. Quarter raised his eyes from his manuscript for a moment, while he replied in his usual bland manner —"It is time enough to think of escaping when we are attacked."

He was a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ, endowed with extraordinary moral courage, and he knew no impossibilities. Any thing once determined by him was half accomplished. Thought and action went hand in hand, and his purposes would be effected while many thought they had not yet been shaped.—His eye, once fixed on any object for religious good, never lost sight of it.

His powerful mind comprehended the most knotty questions almost at a glance, and although his career was one of constant labour, one in which he could repose only upon his arms, yet he was always prepared "to give a reason for the faith that was in him."

He possessed an extraordinary power over men's minds. Though surrounded by clergymen of distinguished abilities, yet his judgment was supreme; and so great was their confidence in his powers of mental perception, that it was always deferred to.

He was an affectionate and faithful pastor to his people, entering cheerfully into the examination of their wants, and struggling with his best energies to

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remove them, and to make these people comfortable and happy.

To his faithful priests, who bore with him the "burden of the day and the heat," he was even more affectionate, merciful and indulgent. He was well aware of the toils and of the fatigues they were obliged to undergo in consequence of the extent of their missions. He knew well the danger to which they were exposed on those missions, where, without roads, they were obliged to hunt their pathway through the prairies, guiding themselves by the stars in the heavens, and often sleeping beneath its blue arch with the heath for their pillow, and the howl of the prairie wolf around them—without bridges which would enable them to avoid the madly-rushing current of the swollen river—exposed to the rains and the fogs, and the pestiferous exhalations of a country rank with festering vegetation. He saw them stricken down by sickness in the midst of their career, and in places too where their danger was increased by the want of proper care. His compassionate heart grieved for them, and with his usual consideration he formed amongst them an association, by means of which those thus afflicted might be removed to Chicago, where they would receive proper attendance until health was restored; and if in Chicago this could not be effected, then funds were supplied for journeying wherever in Europe or America it might be necessary that the invalid should go. Those who had laboured in the vineyard of the Lord until old age and its attendant

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infirmities overtook them, were supported in the evening of their days; and when they could work no longer, by funds from this same association.

In the pulpit his manner was solemn and impressive, and his eloquent lessons of Divine Truth never failed to reach the heart, and leave upon it impressions that time could not efface. The series of sermons he was engaged in delivering when death cut short his career, were master-pieces of argument and eloquence, and the crowded throngs that hung upon his words, thinking no time too long to listen, showed how much they were appreciated. Long will these powerful exhortations continue to be remembered. Truly was his last sermon a profession of faith.

Were I to write all that might be said in praise of the public career of Bishop Quarter, I fear I would be charged with the common error of biographers, viz., that of endeavouring to make their heroes perfect; and yet the charge would in this case, as I have no doubt it often is in others, be incorrectly made. His career, however, will speak his eulogy in words more eloquent than pen can trace.

It was in private life that the rare qualities of his head and heart could be best appreciated. Kind, affable, gentlemanly, sincere with the utmost solicitude, did he endeavour on all occasions to avoid any remark or insinuation that might give the least shadow of offence or wound the most sensitive; and

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yet so firm in the right, that his opinion, once formed, was not to be changed at any risk.

The remembrance of his many virtues was written in the faces of all of every denomination who came to pay their last respects to his remains—and the love of his own people was manifested in the flood of grief that overwhelmed them when the news of his unexpected death spread through the city. It was seen in the crowded church, in the funeral train, in the tearful eyes of those who came to witness the performance of the last sad rites over all that was left of the Bishop, who in the full vigour of his life stood a few days ago before them.

He was remarkable for his kindness and forbearance towards those who were without the sheepfold of the only holy Catholic Church. He was well aware how erroneous are the opinions entertained by them, respecting the doctrines and practices of that Church. He knew that they were taught to consider doctrines as cherished by us which we regard with a horror even greater than their own, and making every allowance for the fact that they were taught these errors from their childhood upwards, that they had been repeated to them so often as to constitute almost a part of their religious belief, he wondered only, that while they supposed Catholics to be so impious, they could be even as tolerant of them as they were;—that while they charged them with superstition and idolatry, and every crime in the calendar, they could even imagine that a Catholic had any hope of Heaven.

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He was not, therefore, surprised at the distrust with which Protestants look upon the Catholic Church; and he on this account treated their prejudices with becoming charity, confident that their distrust did not proceed from the heart, but from the errors of their early education; and he endeavoured, whenever an opportunity offered, to remove the cause of this prejudice by explaining to them what were truly and really the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The increased liberality of the community now so remarkable in Chicago, demonstrates the wisdom of the course that seemed to him so correct.

Protestants, he often remarked, do not in reality hate Catholic doctrines. They hate only what the enemies, the malicious ignorant enemies of the Church for which Christ died, represent as belonging to Catholics and Catholic doctrines. But when the veil defiled by these slanders is removed from the face of the beautiful Spouse of Jesus Christ, when the light of her lovely countenance, beaming with a heavenly radiance, falls upon their hearts; they can, even as ourselves, appreciate that loveliness which time cannot dim, but which increases for ever.

It has been frequently asked, how, with so little means, Bishop Quarter accomplished so much. None but a Catholic Bishop, aided by zealous Catholic priests, could have done the same. They had no families to support, no worldly appearances to keep up; and they imitated the poverty of their divine Master, contented to live in need, often upon

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hard dry bread, so that they might give all they possessed to the advancement of that holy cause on which their hearts were fixed. What could retard the progress of the Church that was supported by such self-devotion and sacrifices—that Church which had the promise of the Holy Ghost to sustain her for ever—against which "the gates of hell cannot prevail?"

Many kind, and generous and liberal Protestant gentlemen of the city, aided him much by donations and encouragement; and to Messrs. W. B. Ogden, W. Newberry, and J. Y. Scammon, Esqs., the Catholic Church of Chicago owes a great debt of gratitude, and one which will not be soon forgotten. Besides, he was liberally assisted by that staunch friend of his own, James Kerrigan, Esq., of New York, while the funds and the energies of his dearly loved brother, Very Rev. Walter J. Quarter, were always at his disposal.

By "an inscrutable decree of Divine Providence," however, he was called away, in the midst of his usefulness, to make room for a worthy successor.* How lamentable is it, that the catastrophe was so sudden! How precious would have been the words of such a man, as he calmly contemplated the passage to "that land whence no traveller returns!" Oh! it is at the last hour of life, when the world is fast fading from the view, and the morning of eternity is dawning, that the admonitions of the good are like the prophetic warnings of old, which warm

* Rt. Rev. Jas. Vandevelde, D. D., now Bishop of Chicago.

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the heart to virtue, and make it better. It is then that we feel the littleness of all here below, and the greatness of the reward that *may* be ours in heaven.

He is gone, but how richly does he merit our gratitude! He has left us a priceless inheritance in our College and our Convent, where our children may receive the religious instructions that will fit them for the discharge of their duties in this world, and their rewards in the next;—but more than all, he has left us his example.

Yesterday he stood like a tall column firm upon its base, and pointing its beautiful shaft to the heavens; to-day that column is broken in its midst, and prostrated to the earth. Yesterday he was in life before us; to-day he lives in our memories. To die as a hero dies, is a glorious death; but to die as died this faithful champion of the cross, after having sealed his ministry, was still more glorious. "Oh God! as is the heroism of thy armies, so is the grandeur of thy triumphs. How poor is the splendour that crowns earthly conquests, to the opening of the gates of pearl, leading into the Golden City with walls of sapphire and chrysolite, in which the great Captain sitteth upon the white throne, smiling upon his servants who have 'fought the good fight and kept the faith!' The wreaths that crown the brows of mortal victors fade before the night; theirs lose not their fragrance forever, and their beauty is eternal."

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The following beautiful and touching lines from the pen of Miss Merritt, whose name has been already mentioned, form a fit conclusion to this memoir.

MEMORIAL OF ✠ WILLIAM,
Bishop of Chicago.

"*Sorrow not as those without a hope.*"

Now all is over! to the requiem
Of the deep organ, solemn in its swell,
They bore him onward to the chamber dim,
Our Friend—our Father—he that loved us well!
Never! ah, never! shall as kind a glance
Send us the greeting his was wont to send:
O'er the calm brightness of his countenance
The chilling shadows of the grave descend.

His form is resting 'neath the saintly shade
Of shrine and altar that he helped to rear;
Within their silence he hath knelt and prayed,
And it is fitting we should lay him here.
So may the organ's wild and thrilling peal
A mournful requiem o'er his slumber pour,
While our hushed spirits thrill again to feel
His presence near us, though of earth no more.

But yesterday we looked upon his face
Lit up and kindling with the earnest soul—
But yesterday within his wonted place,
From lips now silent, words of fervour stole.
Never! ah, never! shall their accents fall
Upon the stillness of the Sabbath air,—
The smile—the greeting—these have vanish'd all,
That place is vacant by the shrine of prayer.

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We might not kneel beside him at the last,
To win a blessing from his soul to ours,
Ere the Dark Angel's pinions o'er him past,
In the dim silence of the midnight hours;
No word of parting on our hearts might sink,
To still, of sorrows, this the deepest one,
Yet may we triumph in our woe to think
His latest whisper was, "They will be done!"

Yes! on our sorrow breaks a fervent tone,
An inward breathing to the spirit borne,
Far thro' the shadow is a star-beam thrown,
To lead us upward to the clime of morn;
There led his pathway through the midnight veil,
Unto the fulness of a Love Divine;
Now may Faith's whisper, thrilling low, prevail
O'er earthly conflict, with a heavenly sign.

And yet, oh, Father! we have lost in thee
All that which language has no power to name:
For us thy heart beat true and fervently—
Through change, and coldness, thou wert still the same.
Now are our souls supremely desolate,
Since gone the presence and smile that blest,
And wo! for those on whom the chastening weight
Falls like a shadow, long and dim, to rest.

Yet thou—within thy soul's effulgent realm,
Know'st not the sadness thro' our spirit breathed;
But vain! oh vain! its clouding to o'erwhelm
They blessed memory unto us bequeathed;
With those who loved thee it shall be a spell
Of holy influence shrined within the heart,
Uplifting thought from earth, and earth's farewell,
To the eternal dwelling where thou art.

M. A. M.

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